

AUGUST 21, 1978

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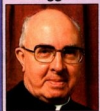
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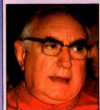
In Search of a Pope



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A Letter from the Publisher

Italians like to dramatize an extraordinary occasion by describing it with a singular expression. It happens, they say, *ogni morte di Papa*—only when a Pope dies. The death of a Pope is indeed a momentous news event, and to cover the death of Paul VI and the beginning of the process to choose his successor TIME took some extraordinary measures.

Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante, detached temporarily to New York, flew back immediately. Rome Correspondent Roland Flamini heard the bulletin of the Pope's death while packing his bags for a story assignment about crowded European beaches. The bags stayed unpacked, and Flamini put to use the knowledge he had accumulated by writing a just completed book on Vatican diplomacy in the 1960s. London Correspondent Erik Amfitheatrof did double duty, filing first from Canterbury, England, on the Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops, then heading for Rome to make contact with sources he had developed while covering the Vatican from 1975 to 1977.

The three correspondents, plus a flock of stringers, had to overcome the time-honored secrecy of the Vatican to gather new data that supplemented the files on Paul's possible suc-

cessor, which had been building for three years. In the end, as always, getting the story was a matter of legwork. The correspondents used Vatican sources carefully nurtured over the years. They met and interviewed foreign Cardinals as they arrived in Rome. One good spot for news has always been the exit at the Vatican used by the Cardinals after finishing their daily meetings to plan the conclave. Meanwhile, the top editors of TIME held their own modest conclave in a 25th floor office of the Time-Life Building to decide—with collegial advice from TIME correspondents and a plethora of other sources—which papal candidates should be featured on our cover and in the story.

Working with files from Rome and around the world, Richard Ostling, TIME's Religion editor, wrote the cover story, which was researched by Clare Mead Rosen and Sara Medina. The accompanying story on the papal candidates was done by Associate Editor Mayo Mohs, a former Religion editor for TIME, who wrote the Pope's obituary for last week's issue. All in all, it was a remarkable week—one that had begun the previous Sunday afternoon when

we stopped the presses to get the obituary into 95% of our domestic run. *Ogni morte di Papa*, as the Italians say.

John C. Meyers



Flamini and Bonfante at St. Peter's

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Letters

Huxleian World

To the Editors:

In all fairness to Gilbert and Lesley Brown, let's stop treating their new baby daughter as a medical oddity. Like every child ever conceived and born, the so-called test-tube baby [July 31] spent about nine months *in utero* and entered the world in a manner acceptable to society and medicine. Louise Brown was conceived in a Petri dish, not a test tube, and she developed and was born from within her natural mother's womb. To herald this girl as a test-tube baby only perpetuates the myth that we are entering a Huxleian world of callous indifference to child-birth and motherhood. It's a glorious day for women afflicted with the type of sterility Mrs. Brown has overcome.

Stuart Kunkler
Columbus



While Dr. Steptoe may be applauded in scientific circles for his work in helping Mrs. Brown achieve pregnancy and normal delivery, his performing multiple abortions—that is, destroying pregnancy and life—takes much of the glamour from his achievement.

James T. Murphy, M.D.
La Crosse, Wis.

Your writer detected irony in the fact that Drs. Steptoe and Edwards financed the research that culminated in the birth of the first test-tube baby by doing legal abortions. In fact, the two activities spring from the same basic belief: that parenthood should be a matter of choice.

Margaret Wood
Milan, N.H.

By turning the birth of their child into a media event, the Browns have most probably guaranteed that their child, whom they so desperately wanted, will never have a chance at a normal childhood or even adulthood. They have degraded and institutionalized the child, and for that act, not for their act of medically

assisted birth, the Browns should be viewed as symbols of the degeneration of Western morals.

Grant Parsons
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Cambodian Experiment

Hats off to David Aikman [July 31], who has the clarity of mind, the moral sense and the courage to expose the blind cruelty of Marxism when that atheistic, deterministic system runs its course unrestrained by Christian principles.

Allen Bowman
Marion, Ind.

Something is so grotesquely out of focus that I am in a state of awed disbelief. It is in the birth of one child and the slaughter of millions that an imbalance seems to make a mockery of humaneness.

Such a development of a child is of course newsworthy; but when we are told about the destruction of 1 million lives we turn the page and sigh, "They are at it again." No outrage, no days of prayer in churches, no outcries from protesters—nothing.

One child was awaited with great anticipation. Heaven's gates alone heard the stampeding of the million.

Ellen J. Marinucci
Houston

The statement that the situation in Cambodia is "the deadly logical consequence of an atheistic" system of values suggests that theistic value systems have never allowed or encouraged such atrocities. One need only cite the brutalities committed in the name of God, from the Inquisition to the "Kill a Commie for Christ" mentality, to demonstrate that intolerance, bigotry and cruelties of all kinds have been and continue to be more common to "religiously oriented" societies than to the few genuinely secular ones.

James Anding
Waterloo, Ont.

Aikman has seen the enemy and called them names. But are they the right names? If absolute evil exists, then absolute purity must surely exist also. No, Pol Pot and his unfortunate friends are not relativists; they are absolutists. They know. They are certain of the irrefutable laws of history, as are most Marxists and other religious types. By contrast, the language of relativism is tolerance. Isn't the problem of the 20th century how to deal with absolutists in the age of relativity?

Robert A. McDaniel
West Lafayette, Ind.

The problem is not that an "atheistic, man-centered system of values" creates social perversion. The problem begins when collectivism rather than individualism becomes the goal. Man has the ability to create a value system with-

out moral relativism. Our Declaration of Independence was a good beginning.

Paul A. Gregory
Killeen, Texas

Anti-Auto Bias

Charles MacArthur of Dover-Foxcroft, Me., may not know it [July 17], but the internal combustion engine he seeks to banish made its debut in Maine. My grandfather had the first Ford in the state shipped up from Boston to Bangor by boat (1905). He drove the 38 miles home to Dover-Foxcroft, without benefit of driving lessons, in a day.

I'm sure Grandfather St. Onge, now asleep beside the Piscataquis waters in Gray's Cemetery, would forgive MacArthur for his anti-auto bias and cheer him on with his plans for Brown's Mill.

Constance St. Onge Ways
New York City

The Archbishop's Stand

If all reporters did as well as Bernard Diederich [July 24], we North Americans would be more aware of what is happening here in Central America. Yes, we're proud of Archbishop Romero, and we're glad that TIME has told his story.

Bernard A. Survil
Tegucigalpa, Honduras

Alive and Well

Bettina Sulzer's grandmother may have thought she was the last survivor of the *Titanic* at the time of her death in 1972, but she assuredly was not [July 24]. Jack Ryerson, who survived the sinking of the *Titanic*, is alive, well and still playing golf.

Barbara Mulhern
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Eight other survivors have checked in with TIME so far.

Ukrainian Dissident

It was gratifying to see space devoted to one of the lesser-known Helsinki monitors, Lev Lukyanenko [July 31]. This Ukrainian has been a human rights figure for almost 20 years, and I have long felt he should be recognized for having the courage to take positions that in effect were ratified by his government but not respected by it. Last month Senator Jack Schmitt and I circulated a letter urging his release on humanitarian grounds. Thirty-three Senators signed the letter. Humane treatment of people like Lev Lukyanenko would be the best sign that the U.S.S.R. is really committed to détente.

Senator Bob Dole
Washington, D.C.

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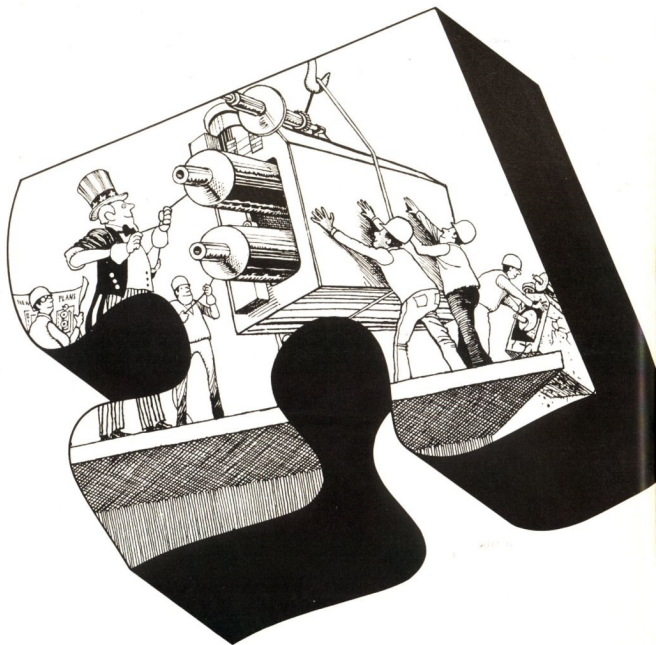
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M51414

Tax reform is one way to avert more lost jobs.



**Tax reform:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.**

more steel shutdowns,

Last year, a flood of some 19 million tons of foreign steel came into the United States. Much of it was "dumped"—illegally priced below the manufacturers' costs.

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Bethlehem Steel and other domestic producers took fast and painful action to protect the well-being of the steel industry—and the future health of America's economy.

What steel needs to get moving again

Today Bethlehem is lean, technologically advanced, and competitive—when the competition's fair. But that doesn't mean everything's coming up roses. In fact, our most pressing problems are still with us.

Take capital formation. Imports, rising costs, heavy environmental demands, and weak profits limit cash flow and hamper our ability to raise adequate funds to invest in our business.

And more investment in the tools of business is what America needs most to spur economic recovery and increase employment.

Tax reform can help

Implementation of various tax proposals would not only stimulate demand for steel from the construction and capital goods markets but also assist Bethlehem in its program to modernize existing facilities, construct new, more efficient mills, and install appropriate pollution control equipment.

Remedies needed now

Here are four tax measures Bethlehem believes will help spur economic recovery and provide jobs for many Americans in the years ahead:

- (1) the current 10% investment tax credit should be made permanent, applicable to industrial buildings, and should be fully creditable against income taxes.
- (2) expenditures for pollution control facilities, including buildings, should be amortized over any period selected by the taxpayer, including immediate write-off in the year the funds are expended.
- (3) the present depreciation system should be replaced with a capital recovery system under which investments in machinery, equipment, and industrial buildings would be re-

covered in five years, with deductions beginning as the funds are expended.

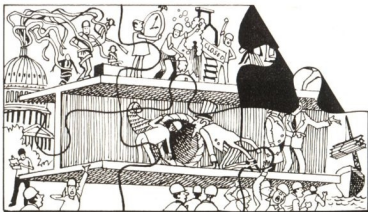
- (4) double taxation of corporate income paid out as dividends should be eliminated by granting a deduction to the corporation for dividends paid, provided that is done without impairment of existing tax incentives for capital formation.

We also believe the percentage depletion provisions of the present law should be retained as a time-tested incentive to the discovery and development of mineral resources.

Tell Washington to act

If you agree that tax reform is a good way to encourage economic growth and full employment, we ask you to tell that to your representatives in Washington.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation,
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Bethlehem

In search of solutions.



American Scene

In Rhode Island: Rapture of the Shallows

The *Aquatic*, a noisy, diesel-driven 40-ft. private sub tender chugs out of Warwick Cove into a gray Rhode Island day. Past rows of boats with names like *Many-Ha-Ha's*, *Daddy's Girl*, *Lucy M* and *Gyp Sea*. Past a dock where burlap sacks of clams are bought and sold—the seller getting 55¢ per lb. for littlenecks, as high as 80¢ for big quahogs. Past a sandbar where a tourist drowned yesterday clamming in 3 ft. of water. Past the big shingled mansions that trim the shoreline at fashionable Warwick Neck. And so into Narragansett Bay, a body of water variously ravished by long-handled rakes, progress and history.

Just up the bay at Gaspee Point, Rhode Islanders each year burn a vessel in effigy to celebrate the burning, in 1772, of the revenue schooner *Gaspee*, an early warning about Yankee distaste for King and custom's duties. Last year the rusty old fishing boat *Dorchester* turned up in the bay with six tons of marijuana hidden aboard, then departed leaving a web of mystery, gangland murder and suicide that narcotics agents have yet to unravel. Westward, the old naval air station at Quonset Point is now the sprawling headquarters for oil-drill teams working the Baltimore Canyon.

It is perfectly fitting, then, that Warwick Cove is the only place in the world where the man who has everything can get lessons in how to handle America's latest aquatic tool (or toy). Sitting on a special launching ramp at the back end of *Aquatic*, the machine in question suggests a curious cross between a wind-up bathtub toy and a James Bond movie. It is a lemon-hued, one-man submarine, the S 250, a 12-ft.-long, 2,250-lb. vessel that can be run by just about anybody, dive safely to 250 ft., stay submerged for an hour at a time and costs (at \$12,000 without extras) less than a Cadillac Seville. The man to see about lessons in the S 250 is Harold Jacobson, a balding but still visibly ginger-haired professional diver based in Warwick. He got the sub, and the *Aquatic* too, from Designer-BUILDER George Kittredge, a retired Navy sub commander who produces the world's only line of cheap simple-to-operate baby subs in Warren, Me. Last summer Kittredge did the teaching himself. But the success of his subs took so much of his time that this year he turned the schooling over to Jacobson.

Undersea exploration and oil searches go on apace. Oceanographers, environ-

mental experts and futurists freely predict that man will not only soon put vast tracts of seabed under cultivation but may eventually be commuting back and forth to shallow, Atlantis-like undersea apartment clusters. It is tempting to see the baby sub not just as a prototype toy for the rich in Florida and California but as a seagoing Model T Ford, a future flivver of the deep, or like the Curtiss Jenny biplane, some kind of ur-machine that may usher in a new age of travel. In that perspective Kittredge

electrical pod engines by manipulating two handles inside the hull, placed below and forward of the seated driver like the handle bars of a racing bike.

But on day two, when the waters of Narragansett Bay finally begin lapping over the bubble-topped conning tower of the S 250 at Jacobson's practice site in the lee of Prudence Island, all common sense and lessons learned temporarily flee. The student has just bolted himself in with four screw bolts that clamp the bubble to the conning tower.

His hot breath is already fogging the bubble dome. Jacobson has been through the safety instructions: "To come to the surface turn the green knob by your right side to let compressed air drive the water out of your variable ballast tank." The bay is less than 20 ft. deep here. S 250 is insured by Lloyd's of London and her seaworthiness has been approved by the U.S. Bureau of Standards. But the student now finds himself plaintively inquiring, over the tiny walkie-talkie set: "Even if I'm submerged, can I still loosen the bubble and swim free?" Jacobson's voice shows nice regret as he replies, "Not unless the whole sub is filled with water."



Harold Jacobson demonstrates one-man sub in Narragansett

and Jacobson, like early aviation nuts who paid for their rickety planes by giving flying lessons or built them on a financial shoestring in barns and attics, can be regarded as American visionaries, gambling on the hope that history will catch up with their private enthusiasm.

Jacobson's new training school is called Sub-Sea, Inc. His course runs two days, costs \$150, begins with instruction in his home, where the student studies the S 250 on paper and is likely to be plied with splendid zucchini bread and coffee by Jacobson's wife, Georgia May, a schoolteacher at Warwick's Gorton Junior High School. On paper, operating the sub seems, well, child's play. Merely a matter of opening a few valves to let water into the ballast tanks until the S 250 has achieved "neutral buoyancy," then directing the thrust of two exterior

During a dive, the light recedes above the conning tower. Silver gives way to green as the sub slowly sinks and finally bumps on the bottom of the bay. A kind of breathing silence enshrouds the diver. When the two electric engines are switched on, the first impact is like being caught inside a vacuum cleaner. But noise is soon forgotten as S 250 noses along just above the floor of the bay, a flat, sandy-brown miniature moonscape unrolling beneath the 3-in.-thick, 16-in.-diameter window in the bow. Cynically one expects to find old shoes and bottles. But there is nothing except large-grained sand and mud, now and then a stick or stone, crisscrossed by all sorts of hermit and spider crabs that slink out of sight. Only the bigger green crabs show fight. One stands on its hind legs and waves its pincers in the air as the sub passes, the very picture of futile rage. In warmer seas and clearer waters there might be silvery showers of fish outside the conning tower dome. But here there is nothing but specks of algae the color of cornmeal that whirl out of the green water toward the dome like flakes spinning against the windshield of a fast-moving car on a snowy night. There is no sensation of time passing until Jacobson's voice on the

American Scene

radio summons the S 250 to the surface.

Afterward, while *Aquatic* with S 250 once more aboard heads back to Warwick Cove, it is hard to imagine operating such a sub regularly without being rich, attached to an institution, or, like Jacobson, a combined diver and mechanic. Still, in the six weeks or so he has been in business, he has been approached by people from the Great Lakes, from Tulsa, from Brooklyn, by trained divers, photographers, ad salesmen, all with different notions about what to do with a baby sub of their very own. Jacobson himself is the perfect Klitrode client. At age 45, after 26 years as a commercial diver, he would still rather spend his time under water than anywhere else in the world. It is also evident that he has a rather peculiar view of oceans and estuaries, one which many Americans may begin to share if and when baby subs ever begin flitting about the seas in large numbers. Narragansett Bay, for instance, most people see as a wet, more or less flat surface, dotted with buoys and boats, rimmed with marinas, rocks, resorts and the occasional polluting city. Jacobson thinks of the place as an underwater landscape strewn with potentially profitable and always fascinating wreckage half-buried in submerged hills, valleys and plains.

As a diver he works alone, a rare thing among divers, and thought to be dangerous. As a submariner Jacobson wants to dive alone too. He believes in the future of baby subs for sport and work. He needs the money he gets from his students. Once he is able to buy the new S 600, bigger, deeper diving and four knots faster than the S 250, he expects to hire out to oil drillers, overseas cable companies and the University of Rhode Island's oceanographic department. But what he really longs to do when winter comes and lessons are blocked by cold and ice, is explore more and farther than he has so far. "I'll ride around," he says, as *Aquatic* plows along. "Locate other vessels and strip 'em. There's lots of things down there."

Brass-rimmed portholes from wrecks, for instance. Propellers from fishing boats sunk in nearby Buzzards Bay, which bring \$500 apiece as salvage. Huge tanker props, too, each one ten tons of solid bronze, which produce 35¢ on the pound just as scrap, and \$12,000 if they are still usable. A wreck from the early 1800s, filled with china, which only he knows about. "Treasure?" he concludes, sneering at dreams of Caribbean doubloons. "That's just chasing rainbows." On the bottom, it turns out, Jacobson has few fears and only one hatred. "Bottles," he exclaims with passion. "When I'm diving I break every one I find down there. You know why? Little crabs crawl into them. Then they shed their shells and grow and they can't get out. And they have to spend their lives locked up in a bottle. Or die."

— Timothy Foote

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Money for the Middle Class

The House rejects the President and votes a tax cut of its own

"What is the Administration proposal?" House Speaker Tip O'Neill inquired somewhat rhetorically last week. "I don't know what it is. Does anybody know what it is?"

The subject of O'Neill's derision was that basic concern of practically every American: taxes. President Carter last winter proposed a tax cut of \$24.5 billion to stimulate the economy, as well as a series of controversial "reforms" highlighted by a levy drying up the "three-martini lunch" as a business deduction. But as the economy recovered, the House Ways and Means Committee reduced the tax cut and threw out almost all the reforms as well.

Only two weeks ago, as the House committee was completing its work, did the Administration come up with a complex new tax bill. "Even the sponsors don't understand it," charged Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman in the midst of last week's nine-hour debate, which touched on all aspects of the U.S. econ-

omy. His committee's bill, he said, is a "strong response to a nation worried about inflation and a message to the middle-class families of this nation that they aren't forgotten."

The House agreed (and the Senate will probably take a similar stand next month). It voted down the Administration's proposals, 225 to 193, and approved the Ways and Means Committee bill 362 to 49. That provides an overall tax cut of \$16.3 billion. The message will not entirely appease the middle class, however, since the cut translates into an average of only about \$163 per year in savings for the individual taxpayer. Because of the large increase in Social Security taxes scheduled to go into effect in January, many members of the middle class will be paying more to the Government than before, even with the tax cut.

The House bill trims individual income taxes by \$10.5 billion, mainly through the device of widening the brackets so that people will not move so quick-

ly into higher ones when they earn more money; it thus softens the impact of inflation on taxes. Other elements:

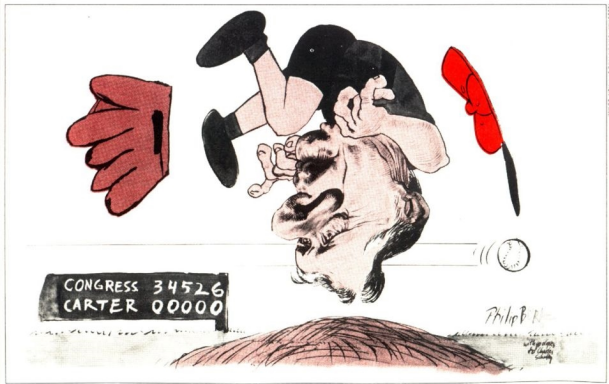
► The personal exemption is boosted from \$750 to \$1,000.

► The standard deduction is increased by \$100, to \$2,300 for single persons and \$3,200 for couples.

► The corporate income tax rate is shaved from 48% to 46%, thereby achieving an estimated saving of \$5 billion a year to businesses.

► The 10% investment tax credit for spending on plant and equipment has been made permanent and has been broadened to include rehabilitation of existing structures.

► Capital gains taxes are cut \$1.8 billion by reducing the maximum tax from 49% to 35%, a compromise with the amendment of Wisconsin Republican



William Steiger, who proposed slashing the tax to 25%.

► Homeowners smarting from high property taxes are given a once-in-a-lifetime break. They can pocket up to \$100,000 tax-free from the sale of their homes—but they have to pay the regular capital gains tax on any houses they sell after that.

► The capital gains tax is tied to the cost of living index, thus excluding from taxation any capital gains that result from inflation.

Carter's last-minute tax bill was not that much different from the one that was approved. It proposed a slightly larger tax cut of \$18.3 billion that was tilted in favor of lower-income taxpayers. Those earning more than \$50,000 a year would have received a smaller reduction; those making less than \$15,000 would have got a bigger break. The taxpayers in between would have fared about the same. The Administration bill also accepted the capital gains tax reduction but offered a complicated graduated minimum tax instead of the flat 10% minimum rate in the committee bill. Of all the reforms proposed by Carter, the only significant one to survive in the House was the elimination of deductions for state and local gasoline taxes from federal income taxes.

What particularly baffled and annoyed Congressmen was the timing of the White House bill. The last-minute maneuver looked as if the President were trying simply to save face—and not succeeding. The White House prevailed upon two liberal Congressmen, Joseph Fisher of Virginia and James Corman of California, to sponsor the measure. O'Neill scarcely concealed his irritation. "If the Corman-Fisher amendment had been brought here five months ago," he said on the House floor, "it would have sailed through the House."

While Republicans grinned and snickered, Good Soldier O'Neill defended the White House bill as another step toward an egalitarian America, but he did not have his heart in his speech. He actually sounded as though he were apologizing for the President, and he pointedly told the White House that he would not "twist any wrists" on behalf of the bill. Referring to the fact that Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal and other Administration officials were still hotly lobbying for the measure even as the bells summoned Congressmen to their seats, Illinois Republican John Anderson castigated the "late-blooming Blumenthal bill." Enough Democrats agreed, ensuring the measure's defeat.

The tax-cut vote was also a setback for New York Republican Representative Jack Kemp, 43, who has staked his promising career on the issue of a sweeping 33% reduction in federal personal in-



Treasury Secretary Mike Blumenthal lobbying Representative Al Ullman just before the vote
Irritated members of Congress considered the move a last-minute maneuver to save face.

come taxes over a three-year period. Kemp argues that the cut would be such a spur to the nation's production that the Federal Government would soon recover much of the revenues lost by the cut—a prospect that critics sneeringly refer to as a "free lunch." Under Kemp's prodding, many G.O.P. candidates are seizing on the issue; this fall the Republican National Committee plans to fly Kemp and the bill's co-sponsor, Senator William Roth of Delaware, to various parts of the country to dramatize what they are billing as the "Republican tax cut."

As onetime pro football Quarterback (for the Buffalo Bills) Kemp approached the microphone in the well of the House last week, Democrats muttered: "He's coming out of the huddle; he's putting on his helmet." Indeed Kemp charged right into a fervid demonstration of what he calls the "No. 1 offensive play in the country." His right arm flying as he gestured toward a nearby chart, he assured the House that the cut would free the economy from its bonds and generate investment, jobs and federal revenues. Republicans came to his support. "All tax cuts are not inflationary," said New York Representative Barber Conable, senior minority member of the Ways and Means Committee. "If we can meet the capital hunger this nation has, then it will be anti-inflationary in the long run."

The Democrats just as solidly derided the proposal. "Blatant hucksterism," scoffed Majori-

ty Leader Jim Wright. "The glittering bauble of opportunism. Are we of the House of Representatives merely mirrors for every passing whim?" Added retiring New York Representative Otis Pike: "This motion shouldn't be voted down. It ought to be laughed down." Pike wondered what had happened to the cherished Republican doctrine of the balanced budget. "Weep, grieve, lament for the death of fiscal responsibility in the party of Coolidge, Hoover and Alf Landon. We all know the Republican Party is in trouble. But we didn't know that in its death throes it would be willing to sell its immortal soul." The proposal was finally voted down, 240 to 177—by no means a laughable margin.

When the tax cut reaches the Senate, it will probably be increased. Says Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long, who has a firm grip on his committee: "To be honest, I'm going to be for the biggest tax cut the Senate will let us recommend." That might be \$20 billion, including a reduction in the max-

imum tax on capital gains to 19.5%. Asked about the Kemp-Roth proposal, Long said with a smile: "I find a lot of appeal in the amendment, but I just don't think it's going to become law any time soon. I think it's mainly a political exercise." When the final tax bill reaches the President's desk late in the session, he is expected to ignore his past rhetoric about the system being "a disgrace to the human race" and sign it. ■



Representatives Kemp and Fisher
Out of the huddle with a helmet.



Chairing antitrust subcommittee, Kennedy considers testimony about the steady increase in conglomerate mergers

"When Carter goes down, I go up"

There's a lot of action by Ted Kennedy, but can he be President?

Polls show President Carter in deep trouble, and that naturally makes the nation's political leaders consider the alternatives. That means Kennedy. The renewed interest in the Massachusetts Senator was emphasized even further last week by a TIME poll in which voters stated by a dramatic margin that the issue of Chappaquiddick would not prevent them from voting for Kennedy. TIME Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian spent several hours with the Senator last week and wrote this report:

The controversy swells again. Ted Kennedy—whether he likes it or not, whether he is encouraging the development or not—is back in the middle of an intensifying stir about whether he will be a candidate for President.

He is the most popular Democrat in the country, yet he sometimes seems strangely isolated. One day last week he stood alone in the kitchen of his house in McLean, Va., turning a couple of steaks in the broiler. His red-checked shirt was open to the waist of his khaki slacks, revealing a thick mat of hair, now graying. The huge house echoed with memories, but now it was empty and still. Kennedy's wife had been living in Boston, away from the family for more than a year, and his children were at Cape Cod for the summer.

"Why should I be talking about running for President?" he said as he waved the big fork in the air. "There's a Democrat in the White House, there's no moral crisis in the country. What's the reason for running? For power? For what?" If Carter were not down in the polls, Kennedy added, nobody would be asking him questions. "When Carter goes down," he said wryly, "I go up." He had another thought about that. "The press made Jim-

my Carter, and now they're trying to destroy him. I'm going to set my own course."

Inside the dark dining room, a single straw mat and a slender wine glass had been put out on the table for Kennedy, and now he set another place for his guest. A call came from his son Patrick, 11. Kennedy bellowed into the phone after he listened to the boy tell about catching a manta ray that day. He lighted some candles, opened a bottle of white wine, and began tasting his cooking. "Yes, I would like to be President," he said frankly. "Yes, I feel I can do the job. But this isn't the time."

For all his protesting, Kennedy has been acting lately like a man lining up friends and gathering power. When Jimmy Carter refused an invitation to speak

to a national conference of mayors in Atlanta, Kennedy swiftly accepted; he moved just as fast last week when Carter was unable to address a meeting of the American Bar Association in New York City. Suddenly Kennedy seemed to be everywhere. He split publicly with the President over what he considered broken campaign promises on national health insurance. At the same time, he was on television answering a lot of questions about the magazine articles in which his wife Joan admitted that she had long been an alcoholic. Politically, he seized every opportunity. After Timothy Hagan, 32, was elected chairman of Ohio's vote-heavy Cuyahoga County, Kennedy's staff immediately invited the new leader to stop by. When Hagan wondered if the Senator might possibly be keynote speaker at the



Away from her family and the clamor of politics, Joan Kennedy finds a moment of solitude

"I thought it was very brave of her . . . to talk openly about the problem."

state's largest political gathering in October, he was startled at how quickly Kennedy said yes. Old campaign friends who had not heard from the Senator for some time have begun receiving postcards from his trips, another sign that he wants to renew contact with his network around the country.

The result of all this is that many Democratic politicians are fluttering, wondering whether Kennedy is indeed positioning himself to run. G.O.P. leaders like Senator Howard Baker are convinced that he is. But Democrats have grown used to the old Kennedy ploy of keeping a high profile and then backing away. Nonetheless, many of them are eager for his candidacy, and a lot of their eagerness is based on dismay over Carter's bland leadership. "In New York," said one top Democratic leader, "I could raise a million dollars in ten days if Kennedy just gave the word." Even if Kennedy doesn't give the word, some politicians believe that they can make him a candidate anyway. Last week a group of influential state chairmen met privately in Washington to discuss Kennedy's prospects. One notion was to use this winter's Democratic Party midterm conference as an opportune setting to whip up enthusiasm for Kennedy.

There are lots of good reasons for Kennedy's reluctance. He has a powerful Senate career in his grasp. And a challenge to Carter would focus attention on two extremely troublesome areas of his personal life: his wife Joan's health and, of course, Chappaquiddick.

Joan Kennedy for years has had a drinking problem, always kept as private as possible. In search of help and treatment, she has spent extended periods away from her family. Although close friends say her recent disclosures offended him, Kennedy—who did not get to read the stories in advance—says that is not so. "Our family has always kept things private," he says, "but once Joan decided it was best for her to talk openly about the problem, I thought it was very brave." Her honesty, in fact, had benefits for both of them. Now everything was in the open; there would be no more questions about where Joan was and how she was. Some politicians, including those at the White House, viewed the Kennedy confession much more coldly—as smart politics.

Chappaquiddick still has the familiar whiff of danger. Nine years have passed since the night Kennedy left a party with Mary Jo Kopechne, 28, and drove his car off the rickety wooden bridge. Kennedy did not report her drowning for more than eight hours, was charged with leaving the scene of the accident and received a suspended sentence, although there has never been a full explanation of exactly what happened. In 1974, when Kennedy considered running for President, half a dozen publications set up investigative task forces to comb back over the case. The rush of activity jolted Kennedy, and

two months later he pulled out of the race. But there has been a change.

A TIME poll taken last week showed that a big majority of Americans seem ready to put the subject of Chappaquiddick behind them. "Five years ago," confessed William Crolius, a blunt-spoken Washington businessman who has always disliked Ted Kennedy, "I would have carried a placard myself saying HOW WOULD MARY JO HAVE VOTED? Now I'm ready to forget Chappaquiddick and so is my wife. This country is desperate for some leadership." Others still hold a sharply different view. "Chappaquiddick would be a disaster here," said a top Democratic officeholder in South Carolina. Today, Kennedy himself is far more confident about dealing with the issue. If Chappaquiddick were the only obstacle, Kennedy now says, it would not stop him from running.

Kennedy's growth is clearly visible in the Senate, where he ranges across the legislative scene. His airlines deregulation bill has radically altered the costs of air

ators, among them Ohio's John Glenn, to change their negative votes. What was predicted as an uphill contest carried in Kennedy's favor.

His power is increasing in the Senate club. Next year he will become chairman of the important Judiciary Committee, which controls, among other things, the confirmation of 152 new federal judgeships, one-quarter of the entire federal bench. This new Kennedy clout has not been lost on the White House, which will be nominating the judges.

The underlying rivalry between Carter and Kennedy is concealed by a veneer of friendly talk on each side. Despite the break over health insurance, Kennedy has voted for most of the President's programs. Driving his car across Washington not long ago, Kennedy spoke about that dispute on health. "His people are trying to get off the hook," he said, "but my own credibility is really at stake here." The next day Kennedy accused the President of a failure of leadership. Car-



Saving time, Kennedy eats his favorite lunch, minute steak, in his Senate office
Despite protests of no interest, he seizes every political opportunity.

travel. His new criminal code calling for tougher mandatory sentences will bring a drastic change to law enforcement, as will a wiretap bill requiring federal warrants in national security cases. Last week Hanoi acceded to his personal request that 30 Vietnamese be allowed to join their families in the U.S.

He is much on the move, and accustomed to being the center of the worlds he moves into. One day last month, puffing on a small cigar and surrounded by counseling aides, he strode out of his Senate office and headed for a debate over his bill on regional health planning. The American Medical Association had mounted a big effort against it, but once Kennedy was on the floor, he cut loose, his voice booming, his arms reaching into the air. "No, I will not yield," he roared theatrically at Utah's Senator Orrin Hatch as he pushed his argument. When the final vote began, Kennedy planted himself in the well of the Senate, head constantly moving, always checking the remaining time, persuading certain Sen-

ator's staff, on the other hand, counted the split as a plus for the President; he had refused to knuckle under, the way they saw it, to another big spending program, and by Kennedy at that.

The rivalry is not going to disappear. In fact, it will probably heat up. The White House staff has little use for Kennedy, believing, as some other observers do, that self-interest is never far from his mind. Carter strategists were angry last month when New Jersey Senate Candidate Bill Bradley, after refusing the President's offer to campaign for him, wooed Kennedy and quickly won him. New York Governor Hugh Carey, up for reelection, has also been cool to a Carter visit, but sought out the Massachusetts Senator. Kennedy's vanity can only be excited by such requests. "Hey, did you see Gallup?" he grinned in his office, speaking of a recent poll that showed him beating the President, 54% to 32%, among Democrats. When aides told Kennedy last week about an Atlanta radio station poll that had him ahead of Carter 63% to 37%



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Nation

in the Georgia capital, Kennedy had a quick joke: "You know, my father told me not to peak too early." So far Carter seems unconcerned. According to the President's staff, Carter believes Kennedy will remain immobilized unless someone like California Governor Jerry Brown is successful in the primaries.

Whatever happens, Kennedy will hold to his strategy of action and high vis-

ibility. And politicians will keep looking for signals. Tim Hagan of Cleveland has already picked up his: Kennedy's decision to go to Ohio, Hagan insisted, was strictly presidential politics, an investment for a very possible run for the presidency. "He doesn't know the candidates well, and he doesn't know Tim Hagan at all," said the young chairman. "Why else do you think he's coming?" ■

The Voters: We Want Teddy!

A TIME poll shows Chappaquiddick is a fading issue

Chappaquiddick. It is supposed to be the big hurdle between Ted Kennedy and the presidency. But a new TIME poll shows that 79% of American voters think that the time has come to put aside the incident and judge the Senator on what he has done in the nine years since then. More than 75% state flatly that Chappaquiddick would not be enough to sway their vote against him if they felt that he were the best man. Despite Kennedy's denials, a majority of the voters think he

those surveyed are bothered a lot by the fact that he was at a party with a group of single women on that night in July 1969; only 15% say they are greatly disturbed by his having gone off alone with Mary Jo Kopechne. The greatest concern, expressed by about 40% of those polled, is that he waited until morning to report the accident to police and did not immediately tell the whole story about it to the public. But the people questioned believe, by 42% to 35% (with 22% not sure), that he did eventually report it truthfully.

People say by 56% to 33% that the Chappaquiddick incident does not reveal a basic flaw in Kennedy's character. More think that Kennedy would be better in times of crisis than Carter would be. The low degree of concern about the incident reflects the arrival of a post-Chappaquiddick generation of voters: the youngest people polled are the least concerned.

Kennedy has been an outstanding Senator, say 84% of the Democrats and

75% of all voters; he is also a loyal party man, say 87% of the Democrats and 83% of all voters. Only 29% of the Democrats and 38% of all voters characterize him as "too liberal." But 35% feel that his relationship with his wife raises questions about his fitness for the presidency, and 60% fear that if he were elected he would be assassinated.

Kennedy comes out on top in his split with Carter over national health insurance: by 40% to 24%, the voters surveyed agree with Kennedy that the President's program is inadequate. In handling the economy, only 12% of those polled express much confidence in Carter, whereas 34% say they would have a high degree of confidence in Kennedy's managing the economy if he were President. The voters

If the Democratic Convention were held today, whom would you prefer as the party's nominee?

	Democrats	Independents
Kennedy	49%	33%
Carter	21%	20%
Brown	19%	26%

show a similar faith in Kennedy's ability to deal with foreign affairs.

The attributes used to describe Kennedy are very different from those applied to Carter. Voters give Kennedy high marks for being experienced, knowing how to get things done, being a strong and effective leader and inspiring confidence—the very qualities on which Carter is ranked the lowest. On these questions of competence, Carter gets the top grades from less than 10% of those surveyed. The President, on the other hand, is considered to be strongly religious, morally upright, honest and a good family man—the areas where Kennedy ranks the lowest. About half of those polled, including 63% of the Democrats and 59% of those under 35, went so far as to say that Kennedy would make an "outstanding" President. Only 33% said he would be unacceptable to them, citing his liberal views and their doubts about Chappaquiddick.

The poll augurs badly for Jerry Brown. Even in the West, he would get only 20% of the Democratic and independent vote in a three-way battle for the nomination, with Kennedy getting 48% and Carter 15%. Brown has particular problems getting the votes of blacks and women. Brown would be acceptable as President to only 36% of those surveyed and unacceptable to 34% (29% say they have no opinion about Brown). Interestingly, he is least liked in his own backyard: he would be unacceptable to 49% of those in the West.

In all, the survey is a dramatic demonstration of Kennedy's strength. He still denies that he will run—but only 23% of the voters believe he means it. ■

is time to put Chappaquiddick aside and judge Kennedy by what he has done since 1969. Percentage of those who say yes:

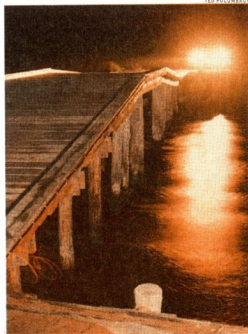
Democrats	Republicans	Independents
86%	68%	81%

will run for President. Moreover, Democrats currently favor him over Jimmy Carter by a huge margin for their party's nomination in 1980.

These are the findings of a national telephone sampling of 1,004 registered voters conducted for TIME on Aug. 2 and 3 by the opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc. The poll shows that if Democrats were given a choice now, 58% would pick Kennedy and 30% Carter as their nominee. The Senator also would win a three-way race that included California Governor Jerry Brown. The outcome, as indicated by the poll: Kennedy 49%, Carter 21%, Brown 19%. The support for Kennedy ranges broadly among all types of Democratic voters.

Kennedy, the poll shows, would handily beat Gerald Ford in an election today by 47% to 41%, but Carter would lose to Ford by 44% to 35%. Kennedy would carry the South; Carter would not. Of those who voted for Carter two years ago, only 60% say they would do so now, but 70% of them would vote for Kennedy.

Kennedy's strength reflects a sharp decline in voter concern over the incident on the Martha's Vineyard bridge that many thought would ruin his career. Public sentiment could change, of course, if Kennedy became a candidate for President and Chappaquiddick were raised as an issue. But, at this point, only 11% of



The bridge at Chappaquiddick
Few remain troubled by the moral aspects.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Politics of Tobacco

Jimmy Carter's sentimental journey through the tobacco lands of North Carolina the other day was a tonic for him. But despite the cheers, the line he followed took him right down the old route of confusion.

Carter was almost poetic when he talked about "the beautiful quality of your tobacco." He grew eloquent in describing his tobacco-farming ancestors, the "backbreaking labor... honest work." He mentioned God and all the church-going families, and finally he was moved to suggest that there was no incompatibility between promoting good health and promoting a good tobacco crop. He even offered the idea that the Federal Government would continue its research "to make the smoking of tobacco even more safe than it is today."

Some of those 29 million people who have given up cigarettes clutched momentarily at the hint that smoking might be safe after all and their valiant struggle was unnecessary. The Tobacco Institute, lobby for the industry, declared, "We could not have written it [Carter's statement] better than that." And almost as if on cue, Gio Batta Gori, a high official of the Government-financed National Cancer Institute, announced a short-term study showing that some of the new cigarettes were so low in toxins that they could be smoked in "tolerable" numbers without appreciable bad effects on average smokers.

At the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which runs the anti-smoking campaign, people muttered a few words of sympathy for a President

caught up in politics and went about their job of urging the nation to give up cigarettes. But when the new report on "tolerable" cigarette smoking hit the front pages, both an alarmed Surgeon General and Gori's boss at NCI went public to repudiate Gori and make sure everyone understood that cigarette smoking was still not considered safe. The federal anti-smoking campaign thus rolled on, expecting an extra \$10 million from Carter's new budget.

The anatomy of this whole episode is instructive. North Carolina was a state important to Carter's political rise, and it is considered pivotal to his future. He stands low there now in part because of the Government's anti-smoking drive. So it was natural to target North Carolina early in the President's plans for political rehabilitation. The tactics called for praise of tobacco farming, a promise of continued price supports. That North Carolina's tobacco somehow ends up in those cigarettes that Carter's Government is trying to keep people from using was buried beneath some good-natured kidding about HEW Secretary Joe Califano.

While Carter may have helped his standing in North Carolina, there was some question about what effect all this will have in the rest of the country, where three quarters of the people do not smoke, and where 80% of the 53 million cigarette smokers, says HEW, would like to quit if they could. Back in Washington, Nonsmoker Carter has put his Administration firmly behind preventive medicine. The evidence amassed by HEW stands like an Everest on this health horizon. Cigarette smoking is considered by federal authorities the biggest acquired cause of poor health. They claim that 320,000 people died prematurely last year because of cigarette smoking. Beyond that the American Medical Association has just released the results of nearly 800 studies conducted over the past 14 years that add up to one of the broadest and most damning indictments of smoking yet. Even though financed by the tobacco industry, it concludes that in addition to the well-documented dangers of cancer, cigarette smoking "plays an important role" in the development of chronic lung diseases, is a "grave danger" to anybody with a disease of the coronary arteries, may produce peptic ulcers and make smokers more susceptible to infections. Next January the Surgeon General will celebrate the 15th anniversary of the first report on smoking with a massive new report summarizing everything learned over these years. It is expected to give the anti-smoking campaign another big push.

In the middle, once again, is Jimmy Carter, urging his Government to spread the gospel against cigarette smoking but at the same time telling the good folks who grow the leaf how nice it is that they have such a good crop. On the cigarette, for the moment, Carter stands for just about nothing.



The controversial tonic



Jackson talking with reporters in Tennessee

Ray's New Ally

Jesse Jackson wants a retrial

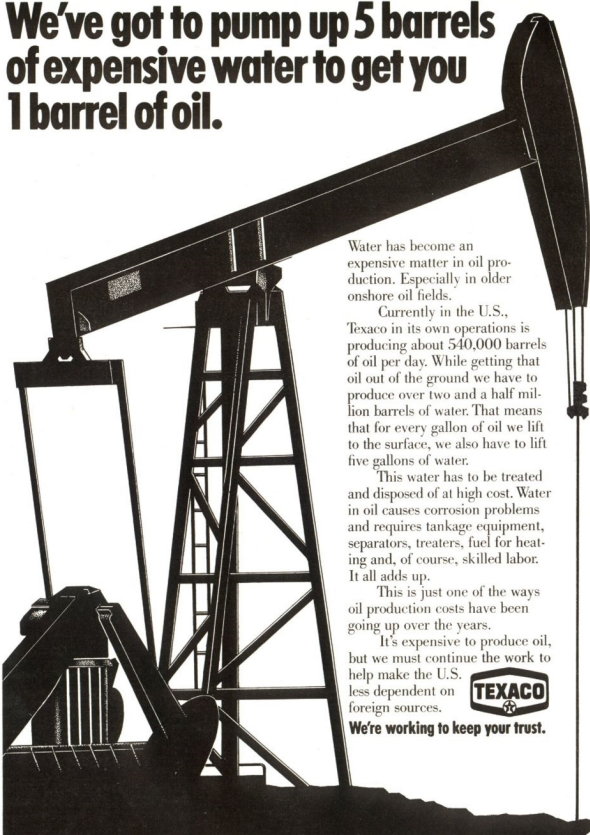
Pressure has mounted for years from black leaders who want a new trial for James Earl Ray, the petty gunman and thief serving a 99-year prison sentence for the murder of Martin Luther King Jr. a decade ago. Last week, after meeting with Ray for four hours inside Tennessee's Brushy Mountain State Prison, Chicago Civil Rights Leader Jesse Jackson told reporters: "I do not believe he killed Dr. King. I believe Ray was coerced into pleading guilty to the murder."

When King was shot, Jackson was standing near him outside a second-floor room of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis. Jackson visited Ray last week in response to one of a series of letters that the prisoner has been mailing to black leaders. In them, Ray insists he did not kill King and has evidence that "will be helpful in establishing that there was a conspiracy" behind the murder.

Although Ray, 50, originally pleaded guilty to the slaying, he recanted a week after being sentenced in 1969. Jackson seemed persuaded that Ray has been taking the rap for others, although the prisoner apparently produced no new evidence. Nonetheless, said Jackson, "I am absolutely convinced that Ray was involved, but was not alone. He says he was used, and I believe it. Others involved are still walking the streets. The very thought of a conspiracy is what compels me to help him."

Jackson promised to seek a meeting soon with Attorney General Griffin Bell to demand that the Justice Department take a "new look at evidence in the case" and to press for a new trial. Whether Ray receives it may depend on the findings of the House Select Committee on Assassinations. This week, the panel is scheduled to hear testimony from Ray and a number of black leaders.

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This is just one of the ways oil production costs have been going up over the years.

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Packaging a New Carter

Jerry Rafshoon tries to reverse a popularity slide

Is a new Jimmy Carter emerging—tougher, demanding more of his staff, focusing more sharply on issues? Some recent evidence suggests that there is, despite the polls indicating that the public widely regards him as a weak leader. He acted unusually quickly to obtain the resignation of Adviser Peter Bourne when he became an embarrassment to the White House. He dramatically asserted presidential control over the scandalizing General Services Administration. And he has imposed a tighter rein on Cabinet officials.

Much of the credit (or blame) for this new Carter image belongs to Gerald Rafshoon, 44, the well-tailored, curly-haired, New York-born adman who has worked in every Carter campaign since 1966. After unofficially advising Carter since the Inauguration, he joined the White House's senior staff in July. As the \$56,000-a-year Assistant to the President for Communications, Rafshoon has the job of improving the public's perception of his boss. He follows in the footsteps of such presidential image burnishers as Truman's Leonard Reinsch, Eisenhower's James Hagerty and Nixon's Herbert Klein.

Rafshoon believes one of Carter's problems is that he has not sufficiently followed his own political instincts. As a result, "too many people still feel that they do not know him. He has not made enough of an impression of who and what he really is." Rafshoon, therefore, has been trying to increase Carter's exposure in the press and on TV. When the President had his town meeting last month in West Berlin, for instance, Rafshoon arranged for live network coverage of it back in the U.S. After returning home, Carter held his first evening news conference in order to capture much of TV's prime-time audience. In the near future, Rafshoon plans a few televised presidential interviews. Carter and Rosalynn, meanwhile, have been holding intimate dinners at the White House for news executives, to give them a better feel for his personality and goals.

To overcome Carter's image as a weak leader, Rafshoon has been urging the President to assert more control over his Administration in public. Thus when U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young thoughtlessly equated U.S. treatment of civil rights activists with the Soviet Union's persecution of its dissidents, he was openly reprimanded by Carter. Similarly, in the wake of the Bourne episode, the President sternly lectured his staff that they would be fired if they broke the law by smoking marijuana or sniffing cocaine. Rafshoon has told Carter, who tends to be extremely loyal to his staff, that it is un-



Rafshoon in his Washington office

"Secretary of symbolism."

wise to keep aides who are not performing well.

Another Rafshoon goal is ending the Administration's confusing zigzags and fuzziness on key issues. Says a White House aide: "Jerry is doing things that should have been done all along. He is concentrating the emphasis on a few major themes and goals." At Rafshoon's urging, the Administration on the domestic front has begun focusing mainly on en-

ergy, the economy and Government efficiency.

Rafshoon runs his eye, and sometimes his pencil, over the draft of every presidential speech of consequence. He also serves as a booking agent for Cabinet members and White House aides, phoning TV producers, mentioning who is available for interview shows and even suggesting timely topics. Once a booking is made, Rafshoon prepares a briefing paper for the official, setting forth the Administration's line on a number of questions that might be asked. Officials are not supposed to appear on television without being cleared by Rafshoon—something Midge Costanza did not do. Rafshoon abruptly canceled her scheduled appearance on a talk show, and the resulting furor triggered her resignation two weeks ago as a presidential adviser.

To head off contradictory policy statements, the White House has become much more rigorous in reviewing the prepared testimony of top officials before congressional committees. For example, White House aides who vetted Housing and Urban Development Secretary Patricia Harris' planned statements before the House Banking Committee last week felt that they were too critical of the Federal Reserve Board's policies. Lacking time to revise her remarks, she canceled the appearance.

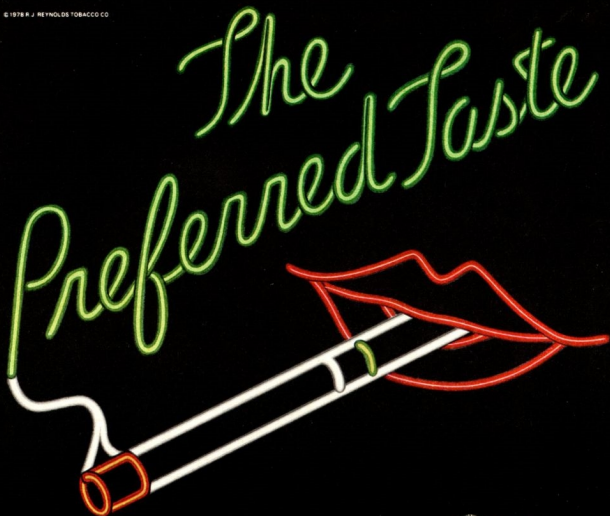
"Such actions," reports TIME White House Correspondent Laurence Barrett, "partially muzzle what had once been proclaimed an open Administration. On the other hand, the White House has suffered extensively from too much contradictory talk from too many high officials. Though he quakes at the notion of becoming known as 'the Enforcer,' Rafshoon does perform that function to a limited extent, as he tries to get everyone marching in the same direction on sensitive questions."

Aware of his potentially controversial role, Rafshoon has been trying to keep his profile low. He is one of the most important members of Carter's inner circle and a close friend of the President's; Carter, in fact, often turns to the adman, who is more sophisticated than the native Georgians on the President's staff, for advice about movies to see and books to read. But despite this intimacy, Rafshoon is based not in the White House but across the street in the Old Executive Office Building, in the spacious quarters that were once Richard Nixon's hideaway study.

Describing himself as merely a White House "extra hand," Rafshoon insists: "I'm not an image maker. I consider myself a communicator, trying to help articulate the President's goals and themes." But he is obviously more than that and even comes close to living up to the inscription, taken from one of Garry Trudeau's *Doonesbury* comic-strip characters, on a plaque given to him by his former advertising associates: SECRETARY OF SYMBOLISM.



"And what I said about Carter goes double for Gerald Rafshoon!"



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Salem Lights is the
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The fact that you paused at this page would seem to indicate that you have an eye for beauty.

Monte Carlo is indeed a jewel.

A sparkling combination of crisp angles and soft curves, today's Monte Carlo stands proudly apart from the crowd with a poise and personality all its own.

It is clean, contemporary, thoroughly new.

Yet it retains the class and character that have made Monte Carlo such an immensely popular personal luxury car over the years.

Now, as before, there is no other car quite like it.

Please Step Inside.

In designing The New Monte Carlo, we placed great emphasis on room and comfort.

We have actually "upsized" the interior, building into it more head room and leg room than you'd find in a 1977 Monte Carlo, both front and rear.

The back seat is surprisingly spacious and comfortable to ride in. Yes, even for adults. The increase in leg room makes a world of difference. The added head room lets you sit tall. There's even more hip room this year than last. Getting in and out is easier now, too. You'll also find more usable luggage space in the trunk this year.



The car is handsomely furnished and tastefully finished in every detail. From the pull straps on the doors to the thickly carpeted floors, everything is designed for your pleasure, your comfort, your delight.

Think of it as your personal "driver's suite." A posh and private place to call your own.

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Monte Carlo has always been, and continues to be, a remarkably rewarding car to drive.

Its road-tuned suspension system, with front and rear stabilizer bars plus steel-belted radial-ply tires, provides a nice feel both on straightaways and curves.

And now, with less overhang and a shorter turning diameter than last year's Monte Carlo, the car is easier to manage in cramped quarters, tight turns, parking.

An Efficient New Engine.

The New Monte Carlo is powered by an advanced V6 engine designed to provide a beautiful blend of performance and economy.

EPA mileage estimates with the standard 231 Cu. In. V6 and available automatic transmission

are 27 mpg on the highway, 19 mpg in the city. Actual mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California. (Monte Carlo is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)

A 305 Cu. In. V8 is available.

Etcetera, Etcetera.

When you buy a Monte Carlo you get molded full-foam seats, dual mode interior ventilation, High Energy Ignition, a battery that never needs water, thick carpeting even under the seats, an acoustical "ceiling" that soaks up sound.

You get the "little things" as well. An electric clock. Lighted glove compartment and ashtray. Sunvisors that are shaped to stay out of your way.

The New Monte Carlo. Genuine elegance in a car for our times.

And refreshingly affordable.



PUT A LITTLE DISTANCE BETWEEN YOURSELF AND THE CROWD.

Nation

The Adventures of Melanie Cain

Melodrama of love and death

Melanie Cain graduated from high school five years ago in Naperville, Ill., and set out to make her fortune as a fashion model. Soon she found a place with Manhattan's prestigious Ford Model Agency. She began going around with a celebrated race-track figure named Howard ("Buddy") Jacobson. He set her up as the head of her own modeling agency, named My Fair Lady. Her picture began appearing in the pages of *Vogue* and *McCall's*, even on the cover of *Redbook*, and soon she was earning more than \$100,000 a year. "She was nice, considering the money she made, never stuck up," recalls one of the models who worked for her.

Melanie Cain went out looking for a new apartment one day last week, then returned to the penthouse she was sharing with her new lover, John Tupper, 34, a divorced restaurateur. When she found no one there, she said later, she assumed that Tupper was out jogging. But when she found his jogging shoes, she began to worry. She went down the hall to the apartment of Buddy Jacobson, whom she had abandoned to move in with Tupper several weeks ago. Jacobson refused to let her in, but she was able to see that his apartment was in disarray, with bloodstains on the carpet. Returning to Tupper's apartment, she telephoned the police and reported that he was missing.

That same day, a yellow Cadillac skidded to a stop alongside an empty lot in The Bronx. Two men jumped out, dragging a six-foot-long wooden crate. After dousing it with gasoline they ignited it, jumped back into the car and drove off. A witness who had noted the Cadillac's license number immediately called the police. The crate contained the charred corpse of John Tupper, beaten, shot several times and repeatedly stabbed. When police spotted the Cadillac, they found Jacobson at the wheel.



Buddy Jacobson



Melanie Cain

After five years, their affair soured.

The next day, they charged him with murder.

Jacobson, a shaggy and hot-tempered man of 48, had once been one of the country's leading horse trainers. His cousin, Patrice Jacobs, is the wife of Financier Louis Wolfson and co-owner of Triple Crown Winner Affirmed. Jacobson got into a variety of troubles, however, and in 1970 New York's State Rac-

ing Commission suspended him for five years for fraud, misrepresentation, and mishandling of funds. Jacobson remained an entrepreneur of sorts, though, and he owned the seven-story building where Tupper lived. He rented out apartments to models and stewardesses, keeping a penthouse with swimming pool for himself.

Jacobson's business ventures ran into difficulties, and he began to borrow heavily from friends. His romance with Cain started to sour. When she left, he was enraged. He pleaded with her to come back and apologized for past difficulties. When that failed, according to one report, he offered Tupper \$100,000 to give her up. It was to get away from him that she was out apartment hunting on the day Tupper disappeared. Said she: "We were going to move out of that building. I wanted to get as far away from that crumb as I possibly could. But I guess we delayed our departure too long."

A simple triangle, settled in the classic way? Perhaps. But there was one other odd fact. The day before John Tupper died, a model named Cheryl Corey, 20, went out on a date with her boyfriend, Scott Shepard. As they later stood on the balcony of his 17th floor apartment, four blocks from Jacobson's building, the railing gave way. The fall killed her and left him with two broken legs and internal injuries. What was odd was that Cheryl Corey worked for the My Fair Lady agency and until recently lived in the same apartment building as Melanie Cain and her friends. What were the police to make of that?



"Surrender Immediately"

Shortly after dawn one day last week, about 200 policemen surrounded a three-story brick house in Philadelphia. "Surrender immediately," demanded an officer through a bullhorn. The shouted reply: "You'll have to bring us out dead." The speaker was Chuckie Africa, a spokesman for the house's residents, all members of MOVE, a radical back-to-nature cult that had staved off eviction for 15 months (TIME, Aug. 14).

As the cultists screamed obscenities and their children cried, police used a bulldozer to knock down a wooden barricade and a crane to knock out windows. Firemen pumped streams of water through a cellar window, sending rats, dogs and people scurrying to safety. Suddenly, shots rang out. Police lobbed tear gas and smoke bombs into the house. After 45 minutes, the MOVE members—twelve adults and eleven children—stumbled out. The toll: one policeman dead; seven policemen, five firemen, three MOVE members and three bystanders wounded.

The cult members were taken to jail and charged with murder. The children were washed, deloused and turned over to city welfare agencies. The house was leveled to the ground by a wrecking crew.

New York Bounces Back

A remarkable renewal of energy and morale

In the worst years, a certain begrimed anxiety hung in the air. New York City was an interminably terminal case, its official death notice reprinted weekly. Bonds came due; corporations bailed out for Connecticut, the Sunbelt, anywhere. Citizens could paraphrase the municipal hymn *New York, New York*: "The Bronx is up/ And the battery's dead." They envisioned weeds pushing up through the stones of Rockefeller Center, Roseland reverting to jungle. Watching the parade of garbage strikes and pedestrians high-stepping in a rage among the dogmerder, New Yorkers could imagine themselves being a little like the sailors on Joseph Conrad's *Narcissus*, helpless in a gale: "[They] had the aspect of invalids and the gestures of maniacs."

A native returning last week after an absence of two or three years might have thought for a moment that New York was catastrophe as usual. Striking pressmen, supported by other unions, shut down the city's three major daily newspapers, the *New York Times*, the *Daily News* and the *Post*. But the native would have been wrong. Before they closed up, the papers had reported a happier story. Sitting in City Hall at a desk that George Washington used when New York City was the capital of the U.S., Jimmy Carter signed a bill that authorizes \$1.65 billion in federal loan guarantees for the city. The event possessed immense practical meaning for the Big Apple, which for two years has been creeping back from the edge of bankruptcy; the guarantees will enable New York to borrow enough money at least to start straightening out its preposterously bungled financial affairs and to repair the streets, bridges, subways and other facilities that have become dangerously decayed.

But the bill signing last week had an even greater psychological and symbolic importance for New Yorkers. It culminated and confirmed a renewal of morale and energy that has been proceeding in the city for many months. A plausible case can be made that New York City—which the outside world generally takes to mean Manhattan, not all of the city's five heterogeneous boroughs—is a livelier, pleasanter, more exciting and simply nicer place to be now than it has been in years. The fact is especially remarkable considering that with radical cutbacks in municipal services (a total of 60,000 workers), things like park benches, potholes and children's education re-

ceive less attention than they did in the past.

New York has always been theatrically narcissistic—one of the qualities for which it has been loathed in other parts of the U.S. All over the city, people are wearing I LOVE NY T shirts (a red heart where love should be), in a sort of truculent self-consciousness, an enthusiasm that should not have to be announced. It is defensive municipal flag waving, the equivalent of the old LOVE IT OR LEAVE

Waldo Park Players blew tunes ranging from the Beatles to Mendelssohn. One night more than 150,000 New Yorkers and visitors came to Central Park's Sheep Meadow. They laid out blankets and picnic suppers, bottles of wine and sleeping babies, and settled down to listen to the New York Philharmonic play a program culminating in Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*. At the finale, brilliant salvos of fireworks lit up the sky.

On their summer lunch hours in midtown Manhattan, office workers now can pass up the hot-dog man in favor of felafl wrapped in Syrian bread, or quiche Lorraine, a gyro sandwich, shish kebab or exotically spiced vegetarian dishes. At stands on corners all over the city, teenagers sell juice freshly squeezed from oranges and watermelons.

"New Yorkers temperamentally do not crave comfort and convenience," E.B. White wrote 30 years ago. "If they did, they would live elsewhere." They know that the city is too damned dirty, and no doubt getting dirtier, with about 50% of the sanitation trucks broken down at any given moment. (Miraculously, however, a new law requiring dog walkers to clean up after their pets is being widely obeyed.) They know that many once grassy parks have long since been scuffed to baldness. But most great cities have been dirty and dangerous—for example, ancient Rome, 18th and 19th century London. New Yorkers are now more in a mood to think that their city offers incomparable compensations.

"New York has a very definite personality," says J.R. Horne, 34, an actor who grew up in a small town in Texas and has lived on Manhattan's West Side for six years. "The rest of the country is beginning to look all the same—giant freeways, parking lots, shopping centers. But you get a real sense of the past here, and a feeling that anything can happen. You see shopping-bag ladies walking up to Jackie O."

It is possible to romance too much about New York: anyone rhapsodizing that "anything is possible" in the city must acknowledge that the anything has a dark and even unspeakable side—slum miseries, ghettos like the South Bronx burning themselves out, and horrifying parlors of decadence, catering to the most specialized of the perverse. Much of the rest of the nation regards New York as a cautionary tale, the urban exemplar of everything that can go wrong: poverty, pollution, crime, racial conflict, corrupt and stupid government, dirt, traffic, immorality and, no doubt, sinful pride.

Still, the basically antiurban sentiment of the late '60s and early '70s has un-



Carter and New York officials after signing loan guarantee
An event of great psychological importance.

it stickier. But a change both real and psychological has occurred.

Last week New York was in its mellow and hazy high summer. Jugglers performed in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. From its steps, an impromptu amphitheater, crowds consuming hot dogs and lemonade could watch the street circus, then wander into the museum's cool caverns to savor a Rembrandt and hieroglyphics. All up and down Manhattan, street musicians played—saxophones, cellos, violins, steel drums. On Park Avenue between 51st and 52nd Streets, across from the Manufacturers Hanover Trust building, a brass quintet called the



Why wait for Christmas?

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Nation



New Yorkers jamming a festival on Ninth Avenue that celebrated the city's ethnic foods

dergone some revision. The romance with the countryside did not always work out. Nor did the attraction to California, about which true New Yorkers maintain an unappeasable snobbery. That attitude may reflect a supercilious insularity, part of the reason so many Americans contemptuously regard New York as a kind of foreign country.

If New York's morale really is better these days, it may be because so many of those who hated the place left. Those remaining may better fit the city temperamentally. Says Sandra Schneiderman, a medical secretary and divorced mother of two teen-age children, who has lived in Manhattan for six years: "I complain like everyone else when the elevator breaks down and I am forced to climb nine flights of stairs. But I'm not about to move. I feel an enormous sense of freedom living here. There is no mold to fit into."

The edginess and jump of New York, its variety, its compactness and capacity to surprise are exerting great charm, not only upon residents but upon tourists as well. Nearly 17 million people visited New York last year and spent \$1.6 billion—up \$100 million from the total in 1976. New York has more hotel rooms than most cities in the world—100,000 of them—and it is sometimes hard to find one that has not been booked.

Psychologically, the New York revival probably began two years ago, when 16 tall ships from all over the world paraded up the Hudson River to celebrate the American Bicentennial. Although police and newspapers had predicted chaos, the celebration was peacefully magnificent, brought off with a style that startled New Yorkers, so long hangdog, into the thought: "Well, maybe this is the greatest city in the world." Later that month, the city accommodated the Dem-

ocratic National Convention; the delegates went away pleasantly surprised by the city that some of them had envisioned as a broken-down Sodom.

The rest of the country has continued to see benign and even rather lovely views of New York. After years in which movies like *Klute* and *Taxi Driver* showed filth and mean streets, film makers present the city now in softly appealing tones. In *Saturday Night Fever*, Manhattan is the unreachable magic destination. In Paul Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman*, the city seems so charming that many ex-New Yorkers seeing the movie think wistfully of returning.

The Public Broadcasting Service's *Live from Lincoln Center* has shown the rest of the country the kind of breathtaking cultural possibilities that are available in the city. Whatever outsiders think of New York, there is something impressive about having Mikhail Baryshnikov and Beverly Sills only three or four subway stops away. At the same time, the famous invalid of Broadway is doing a



Boating in Central Park; (below) a juggler outside the stock exchange on Wall Street



booming business. Theater revenues have more than doubled, and the number of patrons has risen by 70% in the past five years. Shows like *The Wiz*, *Grease*, *Dracula*, "Da," *Deathtrap* and *Ain't Misbehavin'* are selling out.

New York could be judged by a reading of its Anger Quotient. In the late '60s and early '70s the city fairly smelled of rage; the 1974 film *Death Wish*—about a white liberal turned vigilante-revenger—received a certain amount of sneaking sympathy at the dinner parties of the white middle class. Since 1976 the Anger Quotient has gone steadily downward. A decrease in violent crimes has been partly responsible. A walker in Central Park is as likely to be overrun by joggers as assaulted by muggers. New York has the fifth highest major crime rate among the ten largest cities in the nation, behind Houston, Dallas, Los Angeles and Detroit. Major crimes in New York decreased last year by 6.4%, perhaps because the poten-



Shopping for fruit and vegetables at an open-air farmers' market in Union Square

tial victims have become a good deal smarter and more cautious. Apartment houses have installed closed-circuit TV and buzzer systems. In large office buildings, guards check identification passes.

New York's spirits have risen with the improvement in its economy. After a seven-year loss of 600,000 jobs, from 1969 through 1976, the city gained 9,000 in the period from February 1977 to February 1978. The exodus by large corporations has slowed. Four years ago, whole buildings in prime Manhattan areas were empty. Now 1 million sq. ft. of floor space has been newly rented since January. Says Lewis Rudin of Manhattan's Rudin Management: "I counted up \$1 billion—that's billion—of privately financed new construction the other day." He listed, among other projects, the \$110 million AT&T headquarters at 55th and Madison and the \$80 million IBM building at 57th and Madison. There is an apartment shortage in Manhattan, with co-ops selling for prices that would have been impossible only a year ago. Luxury buildings like the Olympic Tower, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the Galleria, on 57th Street—both of which have penthouses priced at more than \$1 million—have sold out.

Many of the buyers are foreigners. Unlike most Americans, a lot of foreigners regard New York as a haven, to which they are fleeing from the high inflation and political instability of their own countries. They come from France and Italy, the Middle East and the Far East, as well as South America, bringing vast amounts of new wealth into the city.

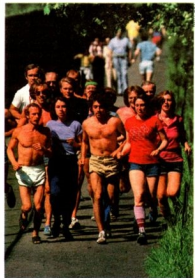
With co-op prices so high and rents climbing, the renovation of old houses and buildings is an inviting alternative. Whole neighborhoods, such as SoHo (south of Houston) and SoSo (south of SoHo), are undergoing strikingly imaginative renovation. Neighborhood and block associations have proliferated, increasing New Yorkers' sense of community and their feeling that they are not at the mercy of an anonymous city bureaucracy. If a neighborhood association makes a fuss

about infrequent trash collections, a sanitation truck shows up fairly promptly. A certain new self-reliance is evident among New Yorkers, who on their own are reclaiming parks, planting community gardens, developing day care activities; if city hall is busy just keeping the entire government out of debtors' prison, residents conclude they must act for themselves.

If New York has regained a kind of vivacious equilibrium, how long can it last? The city is painfully dependent on the good fortunes of the national economy. New York City, the strictly physical plant, is in a state of appalling neglect. The West Side Highway has literally fallen apart. Despite some renovations, the city's housing stock is in disastrous condition, especially in slums.

But New York seems to be coping—chastened but in reasonably good mental health, even though just now in August the island of Manhattan is many tons lighter because most of its psychiatrists have gone to Martha's Vineyard and the

Hamptons on Long Island. There seems a bit less of the manic energy that existed in the 1930s when, for example, Fiorello La Guardia raced to the Bronx Terminal Market at 6:30 in the morning with a pair of buglers to announce that he was banning the public sale of artichokes because the wholesale supplier was controlled by gangsters. But New York, as always, is a state of mind; it is what you think it is. Not long ago a painter set up an easel on a Fifth Avenue sidewalk and began to work on a picture, sighting along his brush from



Jogging around the Central Park reservoir

time to time, looking at the fuming steel flow of jammed traffic that inched downtown. When spectators walked up for a look at his canvas, they found that he was placidly painting a quiet meadow with a stream running through it. The man admirably embodied certain crucial New York survival traits: exhibitionism, humor, and possible derangement. ■



Playing chess in Times Square, oblivious of the passing crowds

The city now is a livelier, pleasanter, more exciting and nicer place to be.

MIDDLE EAST

A Move in the Chess Game

The wary players agree to meet at Camp David next month

These were the early days of the fasting month of Ramadan. In the darkening sky over hot, humid Alexandria a crescent moon glided toward the evening star, a pattern suggesting an Islamic flag. When U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance arrived in that ancient Mediterranean city last week, few could imagine that Ramadan's omen of peace and tranquillity would bear fruit. Yet by the time Vance took off for Washington two days later, an extraordinary effort to revive the peace talks had begun. Like Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat had accepted Jimmy Carter's invitation to attend a trilateral summit meeting on Sept. 5 at Camp David, Carter's retreat in the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland.

On his arrival in Alexandria, Vance had waited six hours for the sun to set and for Sadat to break his daylong fast. At 8:50 p.m., the Egyptian greeted his guest and escorted him across the well-clipped lawn of the presidential summer home toward two wicker chairs. By that hour the Mediterranean seashore had disap-

peared into the night, but the palatial rest-house grounds were lighted by high-intensity arc lights.

Moments later, the Secretary of State produced a crisp white envelope and read aloud the contents of the five-page handwritten letter. Sadat nodded his head slowly as he learned of the meeting, which

Carter suggested be held in the U.S. on Aug. 26, and of Begin's acceptance. Sadat said that he preferred not to travel until after the end of Ramadan. Vance offered to change the date. Replied Sadat: "I accept."

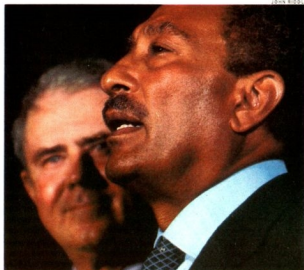
Vance was both stunned and elated. When presented with a similar letter the previous morning, Begin had agreed to the meeting without a moment's hesitation. But this did not surprise U.S. officials, since the Israelis had been saying for months that they were prepared to attend another high-level session with the Egyptians.

Sadat, however, had grown increasingly impatient over what he considered the lagging Israeli response to his peace initiative. Two weeks earlier, special U.S. Ambassador Alfred Atherton Jr. had briefed him on the U.S. position and on Jerusalem's stance in the wake of the foreign ministers' meeting at Britain's Leeds Castle in July. Sadat became enraged by Begin's refusal to make a gesture of conciliation on the Sinai or any further significant concessions for peace.

Sadat heatedly declared that the Israeli position was "negative and backward" and that Begin himself was the obstacle to peace.

Clearly something had to be done. Personal attacks by the Israeli and Egyptian leaders were getting nastier. The Administration was unhappy about Sadat's repeated threats to abrogate the United Nations mandate to police the Sinai II disengagement line—an action that could once more throw the area into chaos. Washington was also worried about Saudi Arabia's pressure on Sadat to reconcile his differences with Syrian President Hafez Assad. That could lead to an Arab summit at which Egypt would be accepted back into the Arab fold, thereby bringing the current negotiations to an end and raising new uncertainties about what course the Arab world might then take.

Of all the possible U.S. responses, the most effective, but also the most dangerous, was the suggestion of a face-to-face meeting between Sadat and Begin, with Carter as host. Politically, that could burnish Carter's slumping image at home.



Secretary of State Vance and President Sadat after Alexandria meeting



Vance with Israeli Premier Menachem Begin at press conference following Jerusalem talks

Pessimism is a luxury because it can become self-fulfilling.

But the risks were huge: if the meeting failed, it could leave little or no room for further maneuver. A breakdown could lead to growing instability in the area and a return of Soviet influence, and it could also lead to another Middle East war.

After a night of deliberation Carter made the decision to proceed with the invitations. "We felt time was getting away from us," explained a top-level Administration official. "There were risks involved in doing it, but greater risks in not taking the initiative."

Administration officials went to unusual lengths to keep the plan secret. For the first time since Vance became Secretary of State his staff deliberately misled the press concerning the real nature of his trip to the Middle East. Officials later apologized to newsmen, but defended the need for confidentiality. The rea-

son was obvious: the Administration had not realized that Sadat would accept Carter's invitation so readily.

The Egyptian President had previously declared that he would not talk with the Israelis again until they had agreed in advance to withdraw from all the occupied territories. Indeed, Vance got no new concessions from the Israelis during his two-day stop-over there. The talks were unusually cordial, but Begin repeated that Israel was prepared only to discuss the question of sovereignty over the West Bank and Gaza five years after the signing of a peace agreement—the same position that Sadat had rejected earlier.

What Sadat did get were some new concessions from Washington. The White House said that the summit would seek a "framework for peace"—a reference to

the declaration of principles that Egypt and the U.S. have been seeking and that Israel has been trying to avoid. More important, Vance announced that the U.S. was now prepared to enter the negotiations as a "full partner"—implying that the U.S. might now be ready to take a more active role in offering its own proposals. This, again, is something that Egypt wanted and Israel feared.

Delighted at Washington's concessions, Sadat pronounced his meeting with Vance "a very happy occasion" and referred to the Secretary as "my friend Cy." Some observers suspected, in fact, that Sadat's tough talk in recent weeks had been a deliberate tactic aimed at getting the negotiations moving again. As one of his closest advisers, Hassan Tuhamy, remarked to TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, "So you are surprised? We were not. It's only another move in the

Two Standards of Justice

God said to Jacob: "Arise, go up to Beth-El, and dwell there."

—Genesis 35:1

God's command to Jacob is being obeyed by his Jewish descendants. High on a hilltop above the valleys of the West Bank, 35 families belonging to Israel's ultranationalist *Gush Emunim* are building a new settlement named Beth-El. They claim that 120 Jewish families are waiting to move into the settlement, nine miles north of Jerusalem, in territory that Israel has occupied since the 1967 war. There are plans for schools, a religious study center, an industrial area and even a holiday resort.

One mile south of Beth-El is the Palestinian town of Al-Bireh (pop. 22,000). Last month the Israeli military governor issued an order closing 7,000 dunams (1,750 acres) just north of Al-Bireh to Arab development and construction. The order further decreed that all construction work presently under way must be stopped. Al-Bireh officials and residents are angry because the ruling effectively prevents any kind of expansion for the town's growing population.

Al-Bireh, whose slogan is "City on the Move," has always prided itself on its progressive image. In 1972, pressed for more space, townspeople asked Israeli permission to expand municipal boundaries to adjacent lands owned by Al-Bireh residents. The Israelis not only rejected the request but forbade development in two areas, including a site on which Arab businessmen wanted to build a resort.

Israeli officials claim that the latest Al-Bireh order was necessary for security reasons. They point out that the disputed land adjoins the military governor's headquarters. As one official explained, "We do not want to be confronted one morning by houses on the borders of our military camps." That may be a valid point, except that Beth-El, meanwhile, is being built on land originally expropriated by Israel solely for military purposes. Abdul Jawad Hussein, a retired businessman who owns part of the land where Beth-El is being built, says that since 1969 the Israelis have fenced off the land and prevented his family from using it. In return, he has been paid one Jordanian dinar (\$3) per dunam, or \$141 in annual rent for his twelve acres.

Just across the road from Beth-El, a cooperative composed of 62 Arab schoolteachers who organized to buy land and build homes, has also run into trouble. Now much of their land too has been restricted by the Israelis. Says Ah-



Arab construction halted at Al-Bireh



Housing units going up at Jewish settlement of Beth-El

"Where are the human rights in this injustice?"

mad Thalji, a retired schoolteacher: "I bought one dunam 20 years ago. Now I am told I cannot build a house. I hear people always speaking about human rights. Where are the human rights in this injustice?"

To West Bankers, who have sent complaints to the U.N. and to President Carter, the Al-Bireh case is the latest evidence that Israel is pursuing a policy of creeping annexation of the West Bank. Despite protests from the U.S. and elsewhere that Israeli policy contravenes the Geneva convention forbidding civilian settlements in occupied territory, construction at Beth-El continues.

World

RHODESIA

Scratching the Surface

Blacks and whites may now swim—but not yet live—together

big chess game." Like Begin, Sadat agreed to refrain from gratuitous insults, and to avoid making statements about prospects for the Camp David meeting. In addition, Begin privately assured the U.S. that his government would resist the impulse to establish any new settlements on the West Bank or in the Sinai during the next four weeks. That assurance, presumably, did not extend to Israeli settlements now abuilding (see box).

In preparation for Sept. 5, all three sides will be busy writing position papers and devising strategies. The Americans hope that the isolated conditions at Camp David will enhance the chances of success. Vance was pleased with the atmosphere at the Leeds Castle talks. There mediators mixed casually, dined together and strolled quietly around the grounds, while the press was kept at a distance. At Camp David the participants will be able to mix business and pleasure; there is swimming, bowling, tennis and skeet shooting.

Sadat plans to arrive in Washington Sept. 4 and go directly to Camp David. Begin may arrive a day or so earlier. There will be no preliminary gathering of foreign ministers, and the delegations will be small. Each head of government will bring three principal advisers and a few other aides. Carter will open the session by conferring with Sadat and Begin individually. He will then chair the first tri-lateral meeting. No time limit has been set for the talks. "They could last two, four, even ten days," says one official. "Whatever is required." The best guess is two or three days.

Nobody harbors the illusion that the summit will produce a comprehensive settlement on the Middle East. For the moment, after all, the critical issues that separate the Israelis and the Arabs—the future of the West Bank and Gaza and of the Palestinians—are as unresolved as ever. So the objective at Camp David will be to make some measurable progress on the outstanding questions and, most important, to reach an agreement to keep the negotiating process alive.

"There is an obvious element of risk involved: no one is hiding that," acknowledged Carter's National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski in a discussion with TIME Correspondent Christopher Ogden, who covered the latest Vance mission. But the Administration was determined. Brzezinski added, to take an optimistic view, "Pessimism is a luxury that policymakers can't afford," he reflected, "because pessimism, on the part of people who try to shape events, can become a self-fulfilling prophecy."

In Alexandria, Sadat took an almost identical line. "I am optimistic by nature," he declared. "Whatever happens, I shall decide the next step later. To use the British proverb, 'Let us not cross the bridge until we reach it.'"

At Spud Murphy's, Salisbury's newest nightclub, young white Rhodesian soldiers lurched onto the dance floor last week and joined in a beery war dance to a current hit song, *Sweet Banana*. The song is a tribute to troops like themselves "who fight with bravery—and win." A white businessman, surveying the scene, remarked, "Right now the only black man who could survive in this place would have to be at least a sergeant major—with a citation for valor in the Rhodesian army." A few miles away, in the black township of Harari, a well-known black entertainer named Thomas Mapfumo mimicked the marching style of the Rhodesian soldiers. Then he brought down the house with a rendition of *Send*

about swimming pools and theaters?" Even the publicity secretary of Muzorewa's own United African National Council, David Mukome, argued that the new program had "just scratched the surface of the problem of discrimination."

His point was that the new measures failed to extend integration in the fields of land ownership, education and medical care. Hospitals and schools remain segregated; last year the government spent \$493 per capita on white schooling, but only \$46 for black education. In 1977 the 48-year-old land-tenure laws, which divided the country between whites and blacks, were amended to allow blacks to buy some white-designated land. But so far only 25 blacks have had both



Girls' high school in Salisbury whose whites-only policy is not affected by government decision

What do people in the tribal trust lands know about swimming pools and theaters?

Your Children to War, a song clearly sympathetic to the guerrillas who are waging war against the Salisbury regime.

In this atmosphere of racial polarity, Rhodesia's ruling Executive Council met last week to announce a new program for abolishing race discrimination. While Rhodesia has accepted the principle of black majority rule, there is still statutory as well as social apartheid. Under the new program, this discrimination would be abolished in hotels, restaurants, nightclubs, swimming pools and moviehouses, in trading areas and in local elections.

Chief supporter of the plan was Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the most influential of the three blacks on the four-man council. He pressed the council to adopt the new program, which he hailed as "a tremendous breakthrough."

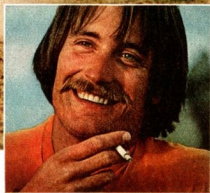
In truth, the council action was far less than that—and it was immediately attacked by other black leaders. "What do people in the tribal trust lands know about these changes while the war rages around them?" demanded John Maposa, an independent M.P. "What do they know

the cash and the inclination to do so.

In the meantime, the fighting is getting worse. Of the 9,500 Rhodesians who have been killed since 1972, 2,700 have died since Jan. 1.

Thus the pressure is increasing on the Executive Council to come to some kind of terms with the Patriotic Front. There is also pressure from London and Washington for all parties involved in the Rhodesian dispute to attend a conference to be held under Anglo-American sponsorship somewhere outside the country.

Muzorewa opposes such a move, but in the end he may be obliged to go along with it. Several members of his party have criticized him for "political ineptitude" and called for his resignation. Six months ago, he drew nearly 200,000 people at a rally near Salisbury; nowadays his meetings rarely attract more than 500. His colleague on the Executive Council, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, is doing even worse. Last week he scheduled a political rally at a football stadium in northeastern Rhodesia. Only 15 people showed up.



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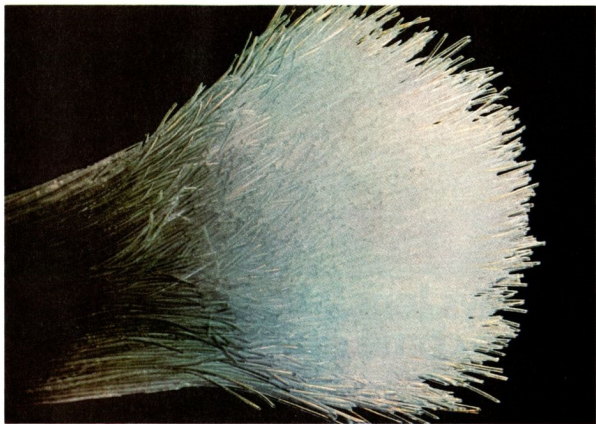
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World

PORTUGAL

The Technocrat

A surprise choice as Premier

Portugal has a new manager," exclaimed Walter Marques, a director of the Bank of Portugal, last week. So it had. President António Ramalho Eanes had ended a two-week-long government crisis by tapping his favorite industrial technocrat, Consulting Engineer Alfredo Nobre da Costa, 55, to follow Socialist Party Leader Mário Soares as Premier.

Selection of Nobre da Costa was Eanes' way out of the bind bestowed on him by Soares, whose party holds 102 seats in Portugal's fractious 263-member parliament. Eanes fired Soares when the fragile governing coalition came apart as a result of restiveness on the part of the supporting Social Democratic Center Party, a more conservative-leaning group than the Socialists. Soares did not want to go. As leader of the largest single parliamentary bloc, he felt that Eanes would have to call him back to mediate the



Nobre da Costa

standoff resulting from his departure, or else call elections not scheduled to be held until 1980. Soares, Portugal's first freely elected Premier since the April 1974 revolution, was as surprised as everyone else by Eanes' choice—and more bitter than many. He said

the move was "unconstitutional."

Not necessarily. Although Portugal's constitution constrains the President to "take into consideration the results of elections," Eanes seems to take the interpretation that he can ask anyone he wants to be Premier—so long as that person can form a Cabinet, present an acceptable program to parliament within ten days and then survive a confidence vote. His choice of Nobre da Costa indicates Eanes' feeling that administrative competence is more desirable at the moment than political popularity. Nobre da Costa is being presented to the country as a transitional Premier with a mandate to restore confidence in the floundering economy and prepare for elections.

Nobre da Costa has no political following, but his specialty is managerial competence. Politically independent, but more centrist than the Socialists, he has managed to survive all the vicissitudes of Portuguese politics, largely as a result of his administrative skills. Educated in Lisbon and London, Nobre da Costa has been called a "supertechocrat." For many years an employee of the Champalimaud industrial empire, Portugal's second largest financial complex, he once served as Minister of Industry in Soares' government—at Eanes' insistence. Nobre

da Costa is known as a free-enterpriser who gets things done no matter how many toes he has to step on. Says an auto executive: "I didn't exactly reach for a bottle of champagne when he was named [Premier], but I must admit that he will inspire confidence among businessmen."

That is something Portugal needs badly, with inflation at an annual rate of 21%, hefty loans outstanding from the International Monetary Fund and the prospect this year of 3% economic growth. The question is whether Nobre da Costa can live with a parliament dominated by parties considerably to the left of him politically. Eanes thinks that Nobre da Costa can—and since no one, including Soares' Socialists, is anxious to have elections right now, he may be right. ■

ASIA

Friends Again

Signing a peace treaty at last

After nearly half a century of tension and enmity, Japan and China officially buried their differences last week. Following a surprisingly quick breakthrough, representatives of the two countries signed a long-delayed Treaty of Peace and Friendship in Peking. It restores full economic, cultural and diplomatic relations between Tokyo and Peking for the first time since Japan invaded China in 1931, thus ending the technical state of war between them.

Diplomatic relations alone had been resumed in 1972 on the condition that the treaty be signed in the near future. But negotiations soon broke down when the Chinese insisted on an "anti-hegemony"

clause, which would have committed Japan to side with China in the event of a Sino-Soviet conflict. The Russians, meanwhile, launched a campaign of their own to keep Japan from signing the treaty.

Early this summer, Premier Takeo Fukuda decided to resume the talks. With the presidency of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party up for election in December and rival candidates calling for the treaty with China for both trade and security reasons, Fukuda needed a foreign policy coup to bolster his position. The Russians responded again with a stiff protest. In a letter to Fukuda, Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev warned that Soviet policy toward Japan might be seriously affected if Tokyo signed the document. This time the warning was ignored. Said Foreign Minister Sunao Sonoda: "Japan will not tolerate instructions from another country on the conduct of its policies."

Once again the antihegemony issue threatened the talks. But when Fukuda dispatched Sonoda last week to Peking in a last-ditch attempt at compromise, the Chinese suddenly agreed to a rewording, declaring that the treaty "does not affect [either party's] relations with third countries." The Japanese foreign office was jubilant, claiming that its views had been "accepted 100%."

The Russians had already registered their displeasure by canceling fisheries talks that were in progress in Moscow. The Soviets had previously cut severely into Japanese fishing rights by declaring a 200-mile protected zone around their northern shores. Japanese officials in Tokyo, however, doubted whether Moscow would go so far as to damage their trading relationship, which at \$3 billion a year is beneficial to both countries. ■



China's Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing and Japan's Sunao Sonoda at Peking dinner party. Despite a protest from the Russians, a compromise that met with 100% approval.

World

EUROPE

Heliomania on the Med

Sun worshippers are overloading the spas and the sea

They are off. Not out of their minds exactly but driven, obsessed. There are at least 25 million of them right now, mostly prosperous Western Europeans, huddled like refugees on the packed fringes of the Mediterranean. They are taking part in a ritual, exercising a civil right, and in the process hungrily consummating a winter's yearnings. The summer vacation season is upon them, draining the gray, rainy cities of the north, flooding the beaches of Spain's Costa del Sol, France's Côte d'Azur, Italy's Capri and the Greek islands.

Every year a certain amount of happy frenzy attends the occasion, but the summer of '78 seems special. "I've never seen anything like it," says British Travel Agent Dennis Carver. "They're willing to go almost anywhere." As long as they go to the Med. The Continent's treasured southern beaches are awash in bodies glued together ham to hock. Dark-skinned Arabs flirt with pale northerners. Africans peddle snakeskin handbags and handcrafted jewelry. Dogs, children and wind surfers turn sand and sea into a hazardous obstacle course for casual bathers. In France the separation of "nude" and "family" beaches has been almost completely, well, swept away in the rush to expose as much skin to the sun as possible.

Everything on the Mediterranean—transportation systems, campground facilities, sanitation plants and patience—has been strained beyond limit by the heliomania. As a result, the already serious pollution of the Mediterranean appears worse than ever.

The main focus of the vacation on-

slaught has been that 160-mile strip of overbuilt beach front in the south of France, the Côte d'Azur. Local rail terminals are overflowing as additional sun worshippers pour into Saint-Tropez, Sainte-Maxime, Cannes, Nice and Menton. When they arrive, along with myriad motorists who are clogging France's *autoroute du soleil*, a rude shock is waiting: no accommodations are available. As many as 1,000 people a day are redirected by the local tourist office to the Maritime Alps, inland and anywhere from 50 to 100 miles away.

A lot more resolute vacationers choose to ignore that advice. An estimated 13 million visitors have mobbed hotels, overrun campgrounds and simply parked themselves on roadsides, in vineyards, on beaches and wherever else a speck of bare ground shows itself. *Les campeurs sauvages* (wild campers) number about 50,000. They are a particular irritation to police, since they will pitch a tent illegally in a parking lot, on a piece of highly desirable beach or even, as one did, on a shady traffic island in the middle of Cannes. Typical is Axel Koenigs, a young West German bank employee who drove to the Côte d'Azur with two friends. After trying 40 campgrounds without luck (and meantime sleeping in his Volkswagen), he invaded a freshly cut hayfield. Says he: "Since there is no possibility to find solitude, we intend to make the best of it."

So many wild campers have sprouted around Saint-Tropez that authorities have opened up campsites that formerly were closed because of lack of toilets and running water. Even that has not been

enough. "You can't believe what a day is like here," says a young gendarme at nearby Ramatuelle. "People just dump their garbage wherever they feel like it. Each day we have piles of paper to process. We also have to give fines for unlicensed vendors, even fines for open homosexuality on the beaches. On top of that, my eyes are infected from swimming in the water here."

When a sewage purification plant in the town of Saint-Raphaël overloaded, effluent poured into the sea, yet authorities were unable to keep campers out of the water despite an overpowering stench. Tourist officials claim that most beaches are safe for bathing, but the French monthly magazine *Science et vie* reports that health officials have found 649 cases of "negligible" pollution, 361 cases of the "medium" variety and 23 cases of "strong pollution" at 138 Mediterranean locations, among them Antibes, Cannes and Nice.

Elsewhere in Mediterranean Europe, the beach crush is also intense. Despite all the worries about terrorism, Italy's more than 30,000 hotels are booked solid. Illegal tents have popped up all along the coast in spite of police fines of as much as \$95. Prices have gone wild on Sardinia's ritzy Costa Smeralda, where, at one Porto Cervo nightspot, a dish of ice cream costs \$7.50 and a dinner tab of \$175 a person is paid without a wince. "Porto Cervo is just one big slot machine," says one bemused American tourist. "Nobody cares." Italian vacationers obviously have the same blithe attitude toward water pollution as their counterparts in France: at the Roman resorts of Ostia and Fregene, bathers frolic only a few miles from Rome's principal raw-sewage outlets.

Spain has had a 20% rise in tourism so far this year, and by the end of 1978,

A fraction of the onslaught: sunbathers packed together on France's Côte d'Azur, between St.-Tropez and Ste. Maxime

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World

PERSONALITIES

Ms. Lonelyhearts Gets a Letter

What's a nice girl like her doing in a place like that?

Dear Ms. Lonelyhearts:

I have this friend, an attractive shipping heiress? I'd rather not divulge her name, because she doesn't want any of this to get out, so let's just say she's Greek or something. I'll call her Christina.

Well, she inherited fantastic millions, and it makes her kind of petulant and unpredictable. Actually she's very good at things like business and contracts and renting out her boats, but the fact is, she is just a nebbish when it comes to affairs of the heart. I mean, she's had two husbands, and they didn't work out. Well, a couple of weeks ago, she got married again. This time, it was a *Russian!* And not your ex-duke kind of Russian you see around some of the smart places in Paris and Miami Beach, mind you, but an ordinary *Commie*, if you'll pardon my French. I'll call him Sergei.

Needless to say, we were all terribly shocked. With all the right sort of people to marry, Christina picked out this person with brown shoes! Nothing we could say would change her mind, so she went up to Moscow and married him in this drab, crummy ceremony. But just before she was due to go off to the Siberia Hilton or some place for a candlestein honeymoon, something happened, and Christina suddenly left Moscow and showed up at her villa in Athens. Well, I haven't had a chance to get through to her on the phone from here in Miami Beach, so I can't say exactly what transpired. With all the nasty reporters and photographers chasing her around, she must be in a terrible snit. The family and us friends are simply telling

people that Christina had some business things she needed to take care of before the honeymoon, but frankly, nobody believes this. What we really think is that it suddenly dawned on her that maybe the Russians would try to steal all her boats and in one fell swoop suddenly take over the shipping world. We also think that she had second thoughts about setting up housekeeping in Moscow, in a little flat with his mother. I mean, we couldn't picture Christina washing Sergei's socks and shorts in the kitchen sink and eating borsch on a table covered with an oilcloth, for heaven's sake.

Of course, Christina's in a state. The other day she disappeared and ended up in England for a day, and then flew back to Athens again. Where she'll be tomorrow is anybody's guess. So my problem is, what should she do? Go back to Sergei and his mother and settle down in Moscow and wash his dirty socks? We're also worried that he even might be a Russian spy or something. It would be different, of course, if he were a James Bond or somebody of that ilk, but he doesn't look the type. I think she should get a divorce, go back to Greece and her ships and hang around the poop deck and forget the whole thing. What do you advise?

Concerned

Dear Concerned:

I get letters about petulant shipping heiresses all the time, and frankly I'm fed up. My advice is that Sergei should go down to Athens, grab Christina by the scruff of her attractive neck, drag her back to his mother's place and make her wash those socks.

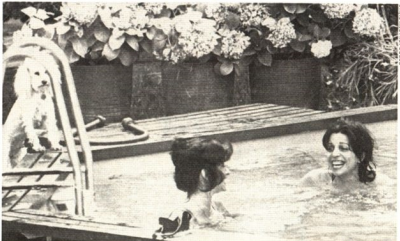


Jammed marina on Spain's Costa del Sol
Consummating a winter's yearnings.

officials expect to have welcomed a whopping 37 million visitors—one for every Spaniard. Those numbers will probably continue to rise in the future, despite last month's calamitous explosion of a chemical truck killing more than 150 campers. The government has legalized gambling at 18 resorts, mainly on the coast, and four of the planned casinos have just opened. The 150-mile Costa del Sol is already overcrowded. Sewage treatment in some places is appalling; human feces bob up and down among the bathers, and doctors report a rise in skin, eye and vaginal infections from dirty sand and water.

In Greece, waves of charter planes are landing all day long at Crete, Rhodes and Corfu, depositing a sizable proportion of the country's estimated 1.5 million visiting fun seekers this summer. Package tours have changed some of the islands from contemplative hideaways into vacation factories. Water pollution is less visible but still dangerous, and dermatologists in Athens are reaping a rich harvest from treating skin diseases caught by bathers.

When will the Mediterranean madness end? On Sunday night, Sept. 3. So far, all attempts to alter the ironclad European attitude toward July and August vacations have failed. Meanwhile a recent poll commissioned by the Paris daily *Le Figaro* has shown that workers would rather have more vacation than the equivalent extra pay—something that has ominous implications for the Med in the future and also for anyone trying to get a hotel room on its shores.



A shipping heiress (right), having missed her honeymoon, cools off in her pool outside Athens
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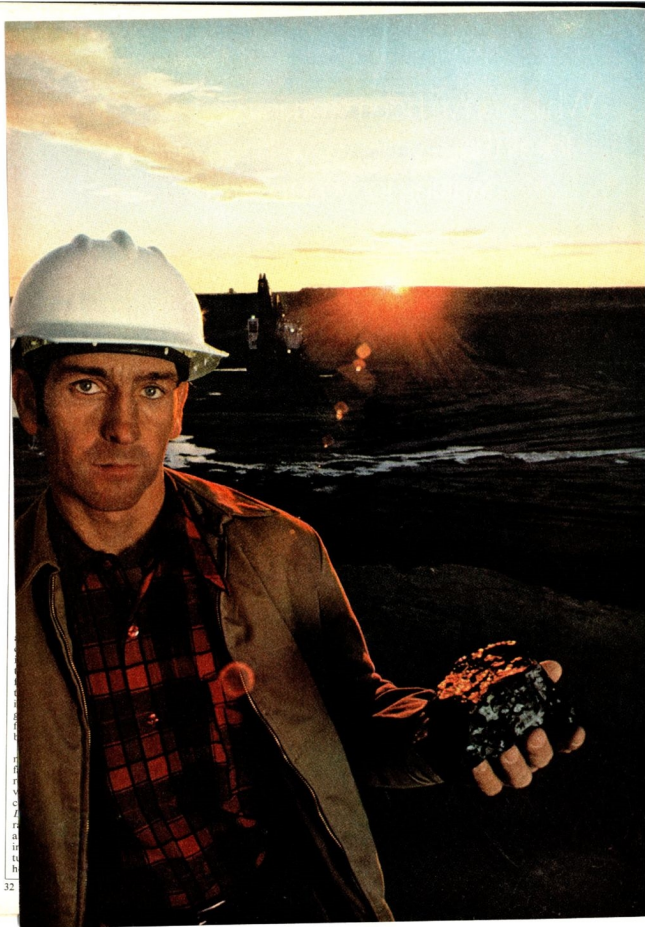


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DODGE DIPLOMAT.

World

COMORO ISLANDS

A Man and His Dog

A soldier of fortune takes over the land of ilang-ilang

Until last spring, the Comoro Islands were known, if at all, chiefly as a source of ilang-ilang, an exotic flower whose extract is widely used in French perfumes. Now the Comoros are called the Mercenary Isles. Last spring the four tiny specks of volcanic ash off the coast of Mozambique were invaded by a motley troop of white soldiers of fortune, who took over the hapless islands lock, stock, and ilang-ilang.

The Comoros have proved an ideal laboratory for bizarre experiments in government. Since 1975 they had been ruled by quixotic Ali Soilih, 41, a bald-headed leftist who seized power shortly after the islands became independent from France. Soilih began his extraordinary career by promising socialist equality to his 300,000 poverty-stricken, racially mixed countrymen. But after deteriorating relations with France resulted in a cutoff of aid and his treasury began to run dry, Soilih tried something different. His new start amounted to government by hallucination.

Instead of paying bureaucrats, Soilih sacked them and loaded the civil service with illiterate teen-agers. Then he outraged the large Muslim population by ordering women to stop wearing veils and by banning traditional wedding feasts. Last January he directed his loyal youth brigade to kill every dog in the islands. They scoured villages, tied the captive canines to the back of a Land-Rover and dragged them to death through the streets. Many Comorans speculated that Soilih had flipped out and gone psychodomatic after a fortuneteller warned that he would be overthrown by a man with a mutt. On the other hand, the stocky dictator may have dreamed up the idea while smoking hashish, an activity that seemed to take up much of his time.

Soilih, in fact, was apparently still under the influence of hash one night last May when 30 white mercenaries tiptoed onto a beach near the capital city of Moroni. They were led by French-born Colonel Robert Denard, 50, a notorious soldier of fortune who has left his bloody footprints in countless African battles in the past 23 years. As foretold, Denard was accompanied by a German shepherd dog. Within a few hours, Denard and his gang had shot up Soilih's bodyguard, put the dictator under arrest and accepted the surrender of the Comoran army, a ragtag force of 200 men who had not fired a shot. The coup touched off a week of celebration that grew still more frenzied with the announcement that Soilih had died while "trying to escape."

Denard had been hired by two wealthy Comorans, Ahmed Abdallah, a former head of state, and Businessman

Mohammed Ahmed*; they may have gotten an okay for the invasion from French intelligence. They set themselves up as "co-presidents" and obligingly declared that Denard and his men were merely visiting "technicians." But the technicians had ideas of their own. Efficient mercenary "advisers" were assigned to the army, police, post office and telephone company and in every instance took firm, though unofficial, command.

"This is much preferable to being in a national military organization and being closed in," said Denard last week, happily surveying his new domain. "A man," he mused philosophically, "reaches a point in his life when it is time to settle down. This place has good food and pretty women. What more can you ask for?" Denard has taken a Comoran wife, converted to Islam and adopted the name Moustapha Mouhadjou. When he drives around in his brown and white Ford com-



"No. 1 President" Robert Denard watching parade of Comoran army troops

Good food, pretty women and plenty of freedom—what more could a man ask for?

mand car, Denard is hailed by cheering crowds as "No. 1 President." He returns the cheers with an exaggerated, army-style salute.

Such adulation is a far cry from the hostility the "dogs of war" usually receive in black Africa. White mercenaries are among the most hated men on the continent. Many of the most famous have gone into retirement. "African armies are much better now and can no longer be beaten by a few white soldiers," says Denard with a trace of nostalgia. "There was a time when our services were really needed, but that time is passing now. I think I am the only person left who could

*According to rumor, Ahmed took out a mortgage on his Paris apartment to finance the operation.

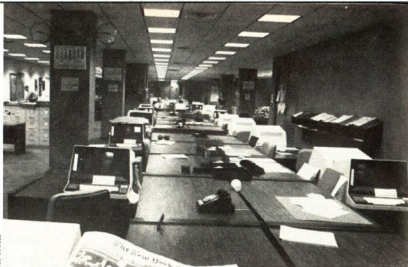
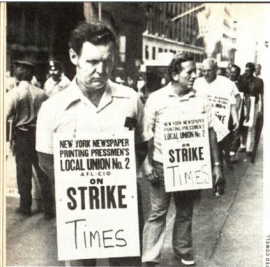
have mounted an operation like this."

But even in the Comoros, time may be running out for the white adventurers. Denard's prominence has made the Comorans outcasts in black Africa. When Comoran diplomats showed up at the recent summit meeting of the Organization for African Unity, they were branded the "Denard delegation" and unceremoniously thrown out. Western nations that would like to help the Comoros are reluctant to extend aid to a nation dominated by a



pack of hired guns. Says a Comoran official: "Our biggest problem now is how to get the mercenaries out and re-establish relations with the rest of Africa."

That will take some doing, as Denard has shown no signs of quitting his island stronghold. Each night, fire trucks and service vehicles are drawn up on the airstrip at Moroni airport to keep unwelcome visitors—including a commando force that Uganda's Idi Amin has threatened to launch—from dropping in. "If the people ask us to leave," says Denard, "we'll be gone the next morning. If they don't ask us to leave, it will take 100,000 Cubans to throw us out." It appears that the old mercenary has found a home—until the next man with a dog comes along. ■



Pressmen picket the *Times* as police stand guard and the newsroom stands empty on first day of walkout

Press

No Papers for New York

A strike closes the city's three major dailies

Mayor Ed Koch stood on his dignity and declined to read the funnies over the air as Fiorello La Guardia had done during a New York City newspaper strike 33 years earlier. No matter. Soupy Sales and Eartha Kitt read *Doonesbury* and other comic strips on expanded news shows. New York *Post* Gossip Writer Diane Judge also went on the air to read her own column. Nonunion reporters at the *Daily News* passed the time at their 42nd Street offices by writing obituaries for future use. At the *Times* building across town, police kept an eye on the small group of picketers.

For the first time in 15 years, New York's major dailies were shut down. The 1,500-member Newspaper Printing Pressmen's Union called the strike against the *Times*, *News* and *Post* (combined circulation: 3.4 million) and was backed up by all but one of its nine fellow craft unions (the typesetters, the only holdouts, have a no-strike contract) as well as by the Newspaper Guild, which represents editorial employees. New Yorkers found their familiar newstands either closed or peddling increased press runs of the *Wall Street Journal* and suburban papers; uninformed shoppers could not take advantage of the summer close-out sales; television and radio stations geared up for increased news programming.

As in countless other newspaper bargaining sessions, the sticking points in New York were job security and automation. The city's publishers have been trying for more than 15 years to revamp their antediluvian production methods and eliminate wasteful staffing practices, but the craft unions, fearing job losses and declining membership, have always re-

sisted. In March 1977, the Publishers Association, representing the three dailies, informed the pressmen that when the old contract expired on March 30, 1978, it intended to demand major changes in work rules. The papers hope to reduce through attrition the swollen crews and institute "room manning," a system that would employ only enough workers to run the presses efficiently. The goal is to bring the ratio of men to machines in the pressroom down to that of many newspapers across the country. The union argues that innovations at the papers have created a need for more—not fewer—pressmen, and that management's proposal would eventually cost up to 50% of the membership their jobs—a figure the publishers do not dispute.

For four months after the contract expired, talks dragged on. To induce the union to accept the new contract, management offered tempting wage increases; the pressmen would not budge. With no agreement in sight, the papers set a deadline of Aug. 8 for a settlement and pledged to institute their new rules unilaterally if no agreement were reached. After the publishers postponed the deadline for 24 hours, the pressmen came up with a counterproposal that was swiftly rejected; the publishers left the negotiating table to post their new work conditions, and the pressmen walked out.

Although a protracted strike like the 114-day walkout by the typesetters in 1962-63—which led to the demise of four New York papers—is unlikely, the parties are nowhere near a settlement. Said H.J. Kracke, chief bargainer for the publishers: "The union's response has been to demand even greater numbers of em-

ployees." One pressman summed up the union's determination to stand fast: "It's my work. It's for my family. I'd go to jail for it. I'd kill for it."

All three papers could probably print without the pressmen, but not as long as the key deliverers continue to support the walkout. So until the two sides settle, New Yorkers will have to depend on out-of-town papers and radio or television stations to sate their appetite for news. And comics. Soupy? Eartha? You're on! ■

Weekly, but Never Weakly

A Mississippi muckraker

Bill Minor no longer checks under the hood of his car before turning the ignition key, although he sometimes thinks he should. Not too long ago, friends advised him that there was a contract out on his life. Last January a cross was burned in front of the one-story brick office he rents in the warehouse district of Jackson, Miss. The same night, hoodlums hurled a brick through the window with the warning, "You are being watched by the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

Wilson F. Minor, 56, bought the *Northside Reporter*, a small suburban weekly, in 1973. With the help of a handful of regular advertisers and a skeleton staff, he has transformed it into the still small but unabashedly aggressive *Capital Reporter* (circ. 6,000). Politics is the paper's forte, and Minor's love. His uncanny eye for wrongdoing, along with a slew of sources developed during his 30 years with the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, has breathed life into the paper's catchy motto: ONCE A WEEK, BUT NEVER WEAKLY.

Says Minor, who contributes some 3,000 words to each eight- to twelve-page issue: "I'm not going to write about the lit-

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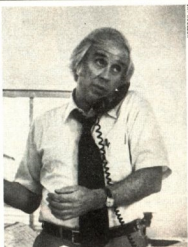


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the people who foul up. I'm interested in people in the public trust. When they abuse that trust, they lay themselves open. Sometimes they are my friends."

One of those friends was a prominent banker whom Minor implicated in a scheme to fix a jury. "I liked him," Minor says, "but sometimes you have to put aside personal friendship. Once I get my hand on a document, I know it's got to be brought out."

A story on the resurgence of the K.K.K. apparently provoked the brick throwing and crossburning that have left the office with half its front window boarded. Mississippi Governor Cliff Finch called Minor a "political assassin" over another story, on an automobile accident; the highway patrol car in which Finch was riding bumped a black youth on a motorcycle, and the police report was buried until Minor received one of the dozen or so tips he gets each day. The Finch administration has been the target of Minor's reports of slush funds and campaign



Editor Bill Minor

A slew of sources and a dozen tips a day.

contributions from out-of-state engineers. Several advertisers boycott the *Reporter*, including Mississippi Power and Light; the paper accused its president and other company officials of entertaining two members of the state public service commission on a duck-hunting trip.

Minor's major worry is not the threats, criticism or boycotts, but money. Paid subscriptions have grown from 115 five years ago to 4,000 now, but advertising revenue rarely reaches \$6,000 a month, and the paper breaks even only four or five months a year.

Long-range plans to hire a full-time business manager and an experienced investigative reporter will have to wait, and it will be some time before Minor's goal of building the paper into a statewide political journal is reached. Already, though, he argues, "The *Reporter* is as good as a small newspaper as you can find." Others agree. Last spring Southern Illinois University singled out Minor as the best editor of a weekly newspaper in the U.S. ■

Show Business

Hollywood's Hottest Summer

Good-time movies clean up at the box office

This is the summer Hollywood will remember as the one when people came back into movie theaters in droves. One smash hit after another is building the biggest box-office crush moviemakers have ever seen, and there is no end to the lines in sight. The perfect summer movie—light, fast moving and uncomplicated—usually turns up every year or two in the form of the "monster hit," that film everybody has to see. In 1975 it was *Jaws*. Last year it was *Star Wars*, the most successful film of all time. This year it is *Star Wars* again. Sweeping into 1,700 theaters last month in the greatest rerun in history, it registered its biggest week ever, and is still outdrawing most of the current crop of new films. But some of those are also doing very well, including *Grease*, *Heaven Can Wait*, *Jaws 2*, *Foul Play* and *Revenge of the Pink Panther*. Hence Hollywood's ebullient summer of '78.

The biggest factor in this success is that Hollywood has emerged from ten years of soul-searching, issue-oriented movies with a batch of flicks like *Heaven Can Wait* and *National Lampoon's Animal House* that are sheer fun. Paramount Chairman Barry Diller has three big hits—the result, he says, of "a decision to get into pictures that made people feel good."

A hot, humid summer has helped the movie business as well; Marcus Loew, owner of the theater chain, used to say, "It should look like rain, but not rain." Even television is credited with doing its bit by driving people out of the house with its stale summer reruns. Perhaps most im-

portant of all, last year's string of mega-hits—*Star Wars*, *Saturday Night Fever*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—has helped put the public back into the movie habit. Says 20th Century-Fox Senior Vice President Ashley Boone: "People are enjoying themselves. I don't know whether



Poster for history's top re-release

The Force is with us, more than ever.

er they are cheering for the swimmers or the sharks, but they are cheering."

Not always. Some of the new movies have been big budget disappointments, notably *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Despite massive promotion, Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees, and a soundtrack album geared to bring in the kids, this pale attempt to dramatize an old Beatles album is a lame entry. During the first six days of August, one 1,500-seat theater in New York City sold less than 15% of the house at the average showing. *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, another Beatles-inspired movie, got a clammy reception three months ago. Notes MCA President Sid Sheinberg ruefully: "I liked it. There was only one thing wrong—nobody wanted to see it." Other big, new movies with this embarrassing ailment include *Convoy*, *International Velvet*, *Big Wednesday* and *The Swarm*.

Some recent films have been winners only briefly. Thanks to a new practice of opening movies in as many as 1,000 theaters at once, the money can come in before the bad word gets out. *The Cheap Detective*, for example, opened in 652 theaters in June and made \$30 million before dropping off sharply.

As summer draws to a close, there are signs that more serious films could soon end the happy-movie trend. Woody Allen's first try at straight drama, *Interiors*, broke the house record for its first week in New York. That could be a sign of things to come, or may simply reflect the loyalty of Woody's fans. Even Paramount, which has made the most money from escape flicks this summer, is pinning its fall hopes on Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven*, a bleak story about migrant farm workers in Texas. ■



Fatigued runners are the bane of a sports doctor's life: told to rest after an injury, they often continue to perform

Medicine

Woes of the Weekend Jock

From armchair athlete to bloody Sunday

FRIDAY NIGHT: He could hear them yelling "Slide! Slide!" Home plate was only a few feet away. So what if he hadn't played softball since college 20 years ago? So what if he now weighed 275 lbs.? He could do it. He knew he could. He slid ... They carried him off the field.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON: She had run two miles her first day of jogging, then three miles the second. Now she was going for six. All right, she felt a bit sore. But she was young, only 35, and in good shape ... Next day she had to go down the subway steps backward on her way to the doctor.

SUNDAY MORNING: He was 50, but he wasn't going to let any 17-year-old beat him, especially his own daughter. He'd taught her to play. O.K., so he only hit on weekends, and she played every day. If he just stretched a little more on his forehand shots, he could put the kid away. He knew it. He stretched ... She got the car and drove him to the hospital.

Stirred by dramatic TV shots of deriding-afield, badgered by friends, family and physicians to stop smoking and start shaping up, armchair athletes all over America in far greater numbers than before are becoming the weekend warriors of sport. But the years, and the gin and the weed and the encroaching flab, have taken their toll. The net result can be painful, and sometimes lethal.

An estimated 12 million Americans were hurt in recreational athletics in 1963. By 1971 that figure had climbed to 17 million. Last year it reached 20 million. In hundreds of hospital emergency wards and physicians' waiting rooms they sit, these weekend warriors, with their tennis elbows; stress fractures; broken noses; tendinitis; dislocated shoulders. hips and

fingers; strains and sprains; not to mention sundry bruises, abrasions, lacerations and concussions. "People should realize they simply cannot ask their bodies to do as much at age 30, 40 or beyond as they could at age 20," says Mount Sinai's Dr. Burton L. Berson, a New York City orthopedist who runs one of the many new sports-medicine clinics that have sprung up all over the U.S. to care for men and women wounded in the pursuit of health and happiness.

Some injuries are simply the result of the athlete's being a klutz. California



Courting disaster in Los Angeles

A risky tendency to recall our youth.

Tennis Guru Vic Braden points out that neophyte tennis players quite often cut themselves opening a can of balls, regularly rap partners in the head during warmups, or slip and fall on balls dropped on the court. Even the experienced player occasionally comes to grief. Says Columnist Art Buchwald, who has been sporting a cast on his badly sprained left leg: "I was going for one tennis ball and slipped on another." And there are the freak accidents. Like the Kansas City, Mo., runner who was knocked to his knees, and suffered puncture wounds and scratches on his head, when he was attacked by a bird with a white underbelly and a wingspan of 5 or 6 ft., presumably an eagle or a hawk.

But the vast majority of injuries result from what doctors call the "overuse syndrome"—trying to push the out-of-condition over-30 body too far too fast. Los Angeles Orthopedist Sonny Cobble says simply that weekend jocks as a class tend to suffer from "an acute case of simplemindedness. Most of us have a tendency to remember our youth." Dr. Marshall Rockwell, who together with several partners operates seven Los Angeles hospital emergency rooms, reports that a majority of weekend athletes are middle class and "tend to be quite competitive." Adds Braden: "It's almost like when they finally get out there, they feel like they'll never play again. People don't know when to quit."

Nowhere is the fact that man's (or woman's) reach too often exceeds his/her grasp so dangerous as in weekend sports. A full-blown heart attack can happen right there in the middle of the doubles court, as the determined jock refuses to admit fatigue or acknowledge warning chest pains and keeps playing.

But most sports-related injuries fortunately neither kill nor cripple. They merely incapacitate in various ways. Cyclists are prone to knee pains, numbness in the fingers from pressing down on low-



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3. Assist the injured, but don't try to be a hero. Just do what you *know how to do* until medical help

arrives. And don't move the victims unless absolutely necessary.

4. Get help. Radio or phone for the police, an ambulance, or the fire department. If you're busy giving first aid, ask the others who stop to warn approaching traffic. Always use flares or reflectors.
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Medicine

slung handlebars, lower-back problems from the bent-over position, and, yes, simple but irksome saddle burns. There are also reports of a more unusual disability in men that has been traced to long hours of bike riding: temporary sterility.

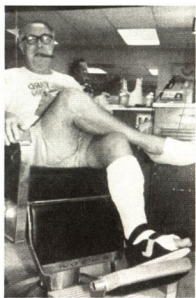
Racket sports, such as squash and tennis, are prime offenders. In squash it is the confined quarters that often lead to unpremeditated mayhem. But both games involve cutting movement, sharp changes of direction and sudden stops that can cause injuries to knee and ankle. Says Berson: "The knee joint really wasn't designed for these movements." Ankle sprains are common, especially in women whose tendons and ligaments have been stressed by years of wearing high-heeled shoes. Then there are ruptures of the Achilles tendon. In the unconditioned, the unexpected force exerted by rapid movements sometimes causes the tendon, which runs from the muscle in back of the leg down to the heel, to snap and roll up like a window shade. At the net, tennis players often suffer orbital injuries—blows to the ring of bone surrounding the eye. Says Gilbert Gleim, a biomedical researcher at Lenox Hill Hospital's Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma in New York City: "The opponent slams the ball and our Saturday's hero catches it in the eye." Or gets to eat what Braden calls "a fuzzi sandwich." The sport's most common ailment, of course, is tennis elbow. A player's forearm muscles may not be strong

enough to hold or control the racket correctly, resulting in an improper swing. Small rips or microtears develop in the tendons of the forearm muscles near the elbow, and chronic inflammation ensues.

In softball and baseball, weekend jocks fracture ankles and dislocate shoulders sliding into bases, their leg muscles get strained from sprinting, and shoulder muscles tear from pitching. "Throwing one's arm out" is no mere figure of speech. Dr. James Purdy, emergency-room physician at Northside Hospital in Atlanta, recalls one softball player who threw the ball so hard he shattered his upper arm bone. A hard-hit ball can have a shattering effect of its own when hand-eye coordination fails.

Touch football, swimming, skateboarding, scuba diving, hang gliding, golf, skiing, riding, surfing, bowling, basketball, volleyball—all sports have their share of problems. But more and more injuries are the outcome of America's newest athletic addiction: running. Appropriately, the damage tends to occur from the ground up. A typical distance runner's foot strikes the ground 1,000 times a mile each seven to ten minutes, and the force of impact is about three times his weight. The shock wave travels from heel through ankle to lower leg, knee, upper leg, hip and lower back. Ill effects are legion. Every runner sooner or later is likely to suffer from a sprained or twisted ankle, knee inflammation, stress fracture of the leg bone, shin splints, hamstring pulls, low-back pain, heel pain or blood blister of the toes. Says Berson: "Our ancestors evolved by running barefoot across a grassy plain to escape saber-toothed tigers. The human leg is not designed for running long distances on cement."

It is years since sedentary jokers could get away with the line: "I get enough exercise acting as a pallbearer to my friends who exercise." Regular exercise can help make one healthier. The injuries result from the delusion that a few hours of sports are helpful. Eighty percent of the troubles could be avoided, doctors point out, with some simple precautions. According to Dr. Dinesh Patel, co-director of Massachusetts General Hospital's Sports Medicine Clinic, "Sixty percent of athletic injuries could be prevented by training and warmup, another 20% by proper shoes and prescreening for tight joints or other abnormalities." Doctors also recommend a complete physical (including the treadmill stress test) for anyone over 35 before any form of exercise is begun. In selecting a sport, weight, body build and general flexibility must be considered. Fat people should forsake jogging in favor of sports like swimming that mitigate the effects of gravity. Women are looser jointed than men, therefore less likely to suffer muscular strains and tendinitis, but



Buchwald with sprained leg in Massachusetts
No more sedentary jokers.

are more susceptible to joint problems.

No matter what the sport, it should be worked into gradually with a warmup of slow stretches preceding activity. And if the body hurts, don't go on. Stop.

But when the worst happens, the injured amateur can now find skilled and sympathetic treatment at burgeoning sports-medicine clinics. Staffed by doctors and therapists, many of whom are athletes themselves, the clinics offer a wide variety of services. Besides orthopedists, there are often internists, cardiologists, nutrition experts, clinical psychologists and trainers available. In addition to treating injuries, the staffs do research (measuring athletes' bone thickness and function as coaches and equipment advisers. Sample tips: don't buy new sneakers before an orgy of tennis; a little fast walking is the best way to begin to jog; in running shoes, the rubber heel should be wider than the shoe itself, to distribute the weight stress over a wider area. Says George Veras, Lenox Hill sports-clinic assistant director: "Sports medicine is not a medical subspecialty; it's a conglomerate."

Treatment is fairly standard: fractures are set, separated shoulders popped back into place, broken ribs taped. Sometimes ice packs, whirlpool baths or anti-inflammatory drugs are prescribed. But the best remedy for the innumerable ills that those weakened on weekends are heir to, and the one that the doctors most often prescribe, is rest. The majority of sports patients are ready to take the advice, doctors report, with one exception. "Runners are fanatics," says Berson. "You can't tell a runner to cut back."



Determined softball pitcher in N.Y.

"An acute case of simplemindedness."

HERE COMES ENOUGH GAS TO HEAT 18,000 HOMES.



SHIPLOADS ARE NOW ARRIVING.

The ship you see here is filled with LNG Liquefied Natural Gas. The gas has been turned into liquid so it can be shipped from overseas. This tanker is arriving at the gas industry's newest and largest LNG facility

New Liquefied Natural Gas terminal at Cove Point, Maryland.

Shiploads of LNG are now arriving at the new Cove Point terminal, on a schedule that will be stepped up to twice a week over the coming months.

Here the LNG is turned back into gas again and piped to families and industries. Each ship holds enough gas to heat 18,000 homes all winter, or run a large-sized factory for a year.

This new facility now makes it possible to use LNG for year-round energy

supply. Cove Point is America's first large-scale LNG terminal and several others are planned or under construction.

This is just one of many gas supply projects.

The gas industry is drilling under the ocean, the Arctic ice, deeper into the earth than ever before. We're working to turn coal into clean gas energy, to recover gas locked in tight rock formations.

Scientists are also experimenting with new technologies for the long-term future, from "energy farms" in the ocean to tapping geothermal zones that could yield enough gas to last us several centuries.

Wise use of America's energy is important, too, so don't waste gas.

AGA American Gas
Association





The Coupes

The most thinly disguised performance automobiles Mercedes-Benz builds

Do not be misled by hand-rubbed walnut and carpets of soft velour. Its emphasis on living well is only the most obvious benefit of a Coupe from Mercedes-Benz.

Two-plus-two Diesel or V-8 two-seater, the truly enduring benefit of any Mercedes-Benz Coupe is the naked exhilaration you feel in driving it down the road.

This heady sensation can be traced to romantic tradition and to cold engineering fact.

From SSK to 280 CE

And a romantic tradition it is. Blood ties half a century long link today's Coupes to the SSK's, 540K's and 300SL "gull-wing" Coupes of eras past - exotic machines minted in tiny numbers and almost by hand, passing on to private customers the technical dividends of more than 4,000 Mercedes-Benz competition victories and five world racing crowns.

The engineers always saved something extra for these sports cars - some times brutish, sometimes silky, never bland. And today, 50 years later, they still do.

(Many owners honor the tradition in their own colorful way; they order their Coupes in *silver* - the color worn by Mercedes-Benz racing cars, the famed "Silver Arrows," in their years of greatest glory.)

Snobbery or purism?

Like those historic forerunners, today's Mercedes-Benz Coupes are jealously isolated from the common run of passenger sedans on the drafting boards.

This is not snobbery but purism. The engineers insist that a bona fide Coupe's function so differs from a sedan's that special design considerations must be made to assure the faithful translation of the concept.

Thus, none of the four Mercedes-Benz Coupes sold today borrows its chassis from an existing sedan - as might be easier and cheaper. Beneath the family resemblance, each is designed as a Coupe from the chassis up.

Each is then *built* as a Coupe from the ground up.



Mille Miglia comes to Main St.

A Coupe swirls through the S-bends on a 4-wheel fully independent suspension system first devised for the racetrack - shod with fat steel-belted radial tires.

Anti-sway bars at the front *and* rear help anchor the body down, to reduce disturbing "lean" as you take tight corners.

These Coupe underpinnings seem to smack more of the Mille Miglia than of Main Street. (One Coupe feature not even the Mercedes-Benz Mille Miglia winners ever had: four-wheel, 11-inch-diameter disc brakes.)

Hard driving, easy work

Unlike some of their thundering forebears, today's Coupes tax no muscles and jar no bones. Gear shifting is automatic; steering and brakes are power-assisted.

A special chamber in each shock absorber is injected with a burst of *nitrogen* gas to act as an extra buffer against road irregularities. To help keep road jolts from traveling up to the steering column and into your hands on the wheel, a *fifth* shock absorber is fitted into the steering system itself.

Exhilarated, not exhausted

Your exhilaration shouldn't be dampened by physical discomfort. So each Coupe is air-conditioned. Electric window lifts conserve your energy while an AM/FM stereo radio soothes your ears.

Every inch of window glass is tinted against glare, every inch of floor is velour-carpeted, every inch of rich-looking walnut veneer trim is real walnut veneer.

And only Mercedes-Benz uphol-

sterers are permitted to fashion the big, solid, sumptuous driver's seats for the Coupes from Mercedes-Benz.

Four Coupes to choose from

Mercedes-Benz executes the classic Coupe idea in four forms, creating a choice of body styles, seating configurations and engine types matched by no other marque.

The two-plus-two **280 CE Coupe**, introduced in December 1977, utilizes a fuel-injected 6-cylinder, twin overhead camshaft engine to propel a taut machine that incorporates the latest Mercedes-Benz technical dividends.

The four-place **450SLC Coupe** delivers polished V-8 performance while carrying four people in comfort akin to a sedan. The 450SLC is part sports car, part limousine, part "personal" car - a prodigious feat of engineering. It is built in severely limited numbers, even by Coupe standards.

The two-seater **450SL** with its interchangeable soft and hard tops is part Coupe, part convertible and part open roadster, depending on the driver's whim. A lusty 4.5-liter V-8 provides performance worthy of its sporting character.

The two-plus-two **300 CD Coupe** is a boldly engineered Coupe for our times - a 5-cylinder, 3-liter *Diesel*-powered Coupe. The 300CD lets you have your cake and eat it too - all the elegance of a limited-production two-door machine, all the operating efficiency of a Diesel.

Engineered like no other car in the world

People give many reasons for choosing a Mercedes-Benz. But the company's aim in designing and constructing them is doggedly single-minded. It is to build safe, comfortable, practical cars with as few imperfections as possible.

This philosophy puts engineering ahead of petty economies and precludes the hurried mass production of inexpensive cars. The emphasis is always on the pursuit of engineering excellence.

Mercedes-Benz engineered like no other car in the world.



Cinema

Bloodshot

EYES OF LAURA MARS

Directed by Irvin Kershner
Screenplay by John Carpenter
and David Zelag Goodman

Whatever its other merits, a movie thriller cannot go anywhere without an exciting story. This may seem an obvious point, but somehow it is lost on Hollywood's more headstrong producers. Two years ago, Robert Evans unveiled *Marathon Man*, a showy production that hopped all over the world without ever arriving at a credible or coherent plot de-



Faye Dunaway in *Eyes of Laura Mars*
Betting on a vacuum.

velopment. Not to be outdone, Producer Jon Peters has now brought forth *Eyes of Laura Mars*. Like *Marathon Man*, this film is long on trendy settings, high-priced actors and vicious murders, but devoid of narrative thrills. Peters is betting—incorrectly—that audiences will be too distracted by the movie's surface glitter to notice the vacuum underneath.

There might have been a decent picture here. Set in the high-fashion demimonde of Manhattan, the film has an intriguing heroine in Laura Mars (Faye Dunaway), a chic photographer who shoots in Helmut Newton's sadomasochistic style. The film's premise, though farfetched, also has possibilities. Laura, it turns out, is a psychic whose nightmare visions of ghoulish murders actually come true. But the script doesn't develop its basic materials. The aesthetic and ethical issues raised by Laura's photographs are never worked into the story; the heroine's psychic powers have no bearing on the so-

lution of the murder case. *Laura Mars* quickly devolves into a prosaic whodunit with a gyp of an ending. What could have been a classy thriller like *Klute* or *Don't Look Now* seems instead an endless episode of *Charlie's Angels*.

While forestalling the climax, the film makers try to amuse us with voyeuristic glimpses of their heroine's glamorous world. They don't get even these details right. In *Laura Mars*, all fashion models are bimbos who speak in kootchy-koo voices. A photo exhibit opening at a SoHo gallery attracts more crowds and press coverage than a movie premiere.

Director Irvin Kershner's style is no less out-of-touch. He accompanies the eye-gouging murders with creepy music and lighting. The film's obligatory romantic interlude, between Laura and a detective (Tommy Lee Jones), is set to violins. The acting is out of a '50s B movie. In the effort to create as many suspects as possible, Kershner has directed most of his cast to come on as twitchy psychopaths. Brad Dourif, playing an ex-con chauffeur, manages to seem even more bonkers here than he did as an inmate in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

As the film's only ostensibly solid citizen, Jones shows at least some restraint. Then again, anyone would look calm playing opposite Dunaway. With her bulging, teary eyes and fluttery voice, this actress is a one-woman band of neurotic gestures. It is a tiresome performance that will be particularly grating on anyone who has seen the mannerisms previously in *Chinatown* and *Network*. Dunaway does, however, have the only credible line in the movie. It occurs midway through her love scene, when she announces, "I'm completely out of control." —Frank Rich

Wasted

WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN

Directed by Karel Reisz
Screenplay by Judith Rascoe
and Robert Stone

Based on *Dog Soldiers*, Robert Stone's dark and ambitious novel of four years ago, this is a well-made, soberly intended film. It contains some dialogue and situations that have more ironic wit than one expects to find in an essentially depressed, and depressing, context. The trouble is that the movie deals predictably with an ugly milieu (drug dealing) and with characters whom one cannot, in the end, even pity.

What we have here is an ex-Marine (Nick Nolte), tough to the point of psychopathy, agreeing to smuggle out of Viet Nam and into the U.S. a large stash of smack for his old buddy (Michael Moriarty), who is both feckless and luckless. The stuff is supposed to be dropped on the latter's wife (Tuesday Weld), who is

a prescription-drug doper. A corrupt narcotics agent (Anthony Zerbe, at his meanest) and a couple of ex-cons who alternately provide comic and sadistic relief want to rip off the junk. All this leads to a chase that covers much of the southwestern U.S., which is naturally visualized entirely as a wasteland.

Therein, of course, lies the point. What Stone was saying in his novel was that a trashy culture, America in the '60s, produced precisely the trashy counterculture it deserved, and also the trashy, unromantic criminal life it might have expected. Even if one could not entirely accept his relentlessly bleak view of contemporary life, there was a certain sym-



Nick Nolte in *Who'll Stop the Rain*
Dealing in stash.

bolic weight to Stone's characters, a naturalistic force and detail in his writing that carried the reader along, however glumly. The movie strips most of that texture away in order to concentrate on the action. The result is a succession of classic genre confrontations carried out by dispirited people, movement without brio or suspense. With all the violent interruptions, it is hard to take the characters seriously. But, since so much of their behavior carries a socially deterministic message, we also can't relax into the mindlessly pleasurable state that a good crime story can induce. We are caught in annoying limbo, made more vexing by the picture's occasional flashes of satirical intelligence (a brief descent into the chic drug culture of Beverly Hills, the hard cynicism of Zerbe and his associates). Finally, *Who'll Stop the Rain* is just another ambitious downer, a wasted effort to make something meaningful out of wasted lives.

—Richard Schickel

Quick Cuts

THE SWARM

Directed by Irwin Allen
Screenplay by Stirling Silliphant

It is the conceit of this movie that killer bees have made their way up from South America ahead of schedule, before the country could be prepared for the onslaught. Now it is not unreasonable to suppose that a tense little movie could be made out of the struggle between the bugs and the military-scientific complex charged with exterminating them. Unfortunately, no one seems to want to make tense little movies any more, least of all Irwin Allen, who has prospered with the likes of *The Poseidon Adventure* and *The Towering Inferno*, in which potentially amusing premises were so heavily encrusted with "human interest" subplots that they sank of their own weight.

Such is the problem with *The Swarm*, in which it sometimes seems that the character actors may outnumber the bees. There is much evidence that heavy cutting took place after shooting (why no one thinks to do this before the cameras turn, when it is ever so much cheaper, is one of Hollywood's enduring mysteries), since many scenes have nothing much to do with one another. The most egregious error of this sort concerns a geriatric triangle involving Olivia de Havilland, Ben John-

son and Fred MacMurray that has no relation to the insect world. Then, too, one wonders about Michael Caine, the entomologist leading the fight against the winged villains. His lines suggest that there is more to his involvement with the bees than scientific concern, but we never find out what on earth is bugging him. It seems to be Caine's sad fate to go around being intelligent in dumb movies. —R.S.

A DIFFERENT STORY

Directed by Paul Aaron
Screenplay by Henry Olek

There is nothing different about *A Different Story*; it's the same old boy-meets-girl hogwash. This time around, the boy is Albert (Perry King), a dress designer, and the girl is Stella (Meg Foster), a Los Angeles real estate agent. They meet, become fast friends, get married, have a baby and live happily ever after.

Why, then, does this movie dare call itself "different"? The answer is simply that Writer Henry Olek has a gimmick: Albert and Stella are both gay. Or at least they are at first. The two leave homosexuality behind forever as soon as they spend a night together. Just like that.

Shoddily directed and lamely acted, *A Different Story* is a catalogue of stereotypes and derivative comic situations. In their gay incarnations Albert is a prissy narcissist and Stella a macho loudmouth.

Once "cured" of homosexuality, they become the most domesticated couple to be seen since *Father Knows Best*. There's something in *A Different Story* to turn off audiences of every sexual persuasion—and movie lovers most of all. —F.R.

THE BAD NEWS BEARS GO TO JAPAN

Directed by John Berry
Screenplay by Bill Lancaster

"Kill the messenger" is what the surly viewer thinks after being subjected to this latest and surely last edition of *Bad News*. Though what this means is unclear: Kill Tony Curtis, the wretched main character? Kill John Berry, the chartless director? Kill the theater projectionist? A few years ago, there was a cheerful film called *The Bad News Bears*, about an endearingly inept kiddy baseball team. It starred the endearingly ept child star Tatum O'Neal.

A sequel was made, however—*The BNBs Fire Billy Martin*, or some such—and now there is a sequel to the sequel. It is not accurate to say that it is without merit. There is one short scene in which Dick Button, playing a TV color babbler, describes the moves of a Japanese wrestler in terms of figure skating, the only sport his character knows anything about. This is an accurate satire of TV sports reporting, but nothing else in the film has any spark whatsoever. —John Skow

FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGUS.

FOR JOCK ITCH
KILLS JOCK ITCH FUNGUS.

KILLS FUNGUS ON CONTACT

Aftate FOR Athlete's Foot

Aftate FOR Jock Itch

Aftate FOR Jock Itch



Marlboro

17mg "tar," 1.0mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Company Heads Riccardo and Payrare frame cars involved in deal: French Simca Horizon (top), Spanish Chrysler 150, British Sunbeam GL

Economy & Business

Chrysler Retreats from Europe

The smallest of the Big Three may become an ex-multinational

In the late 1950s and early 1960s Chrysler Corp., like many another U.S. company, transformed itself into a multinational: it built or bought plants from Turkey to Australia so that it could compete worldwide with GM and Ford. But in recent years the foreign operations have brought Chrysler more pain than profit, so now the financially beset smallest member of the U.S. Big Three seems well on its way to turning itself into something much rarer: an ex-multinational.

Last week Chrysler announced that it would sell its automotive subsidiaries in Britain, France and Spain to France's Peugeot-Citroën for \$430 million in cash and Peugeot stock. If the deal is approved by the European governments involved—indeed, Britain may torpedo it—Peugeot would become the biggest auto manufacturer in Europe and fourth largest in the world, with sales right behind those of Chrysler itself. Chrysler would get out of the European market completely, except for its 15% share in Peugeot, thus shedding 70% of its foreign production and about a fourth of its worldwide output. Additionally, in the past year the company has sold operations in Argentina and Turkey to local investors; it is dickering to have Japan's Mitsubishi take over at least part of Chrysler Australia and has been trying to induce Volkswagen to buy part of Chrysler Brazil. Chrysler may sell some other Latin American operations too.

Why? In a letter to shareholders, Chairman John Riccardo and President Eugene Cañero spoke of a need to concentrate the company's resources in North America. The point could be put more bluntly: Chrysler is so strapped for cash to spend at home that it can no

longer afford aspirations to global power. Its share of the U.S. market has dropped to 12.8% this year, from 16.2% in 1970, and it must spend \$7.5 billion over the next five years to expand and modernize its U.S. plants. It has no hope of financing those expenditures out of depreciation and retained profits—if indeed there are any profits. There will be none this year; though sales are likely to total \$18 billion, industry analysts reckon that the company will wind up with a loss of around \$120 million.

The sale to Peugeot will do nothing to reduce this year's losses—a fact that Wall Street was quick to appreciate. Although Chrysler's stock jumped after the announcement, it quickly fell back, closing the week at 12.5. But experts applauded the decision. Said Arvid Joupil, a top Detroit analyst: "Chrysler's strategy is to become strong domestically and abandon the world market. I would rather have 15% of a strong company like Peugeot than overseas assets that were too heavy to bear."

Chrysler will collect \$230 million in immediate cash, and \$200 million in Peugeot stock that it could put up as collateral to get loans. Also, Peugeot will assume responsibility for \$400 million owed to creditors by Chrysler's European units. Dumping that debt should improve Chrysler's credit rating, and thus its ability to borrow in the U.S.

Further, Chrysler will lessen what was becoming a severe drain. Its foreign operations lost almost \$33 million last year. In Europe, only the French company that makes Simca cars was profitable. Plagued by low productivity and frequent strikes, Chrysler U.K. lost \$20 million in 1977 and might drop twice as much this year,

despite heavy subsidies that the British government has been paying to keep production going.

British Industry Secretary Eric Varley, who had negotiated the subsidies, was reported by aides to be "furious" about the Peugeot deal. He was disturbed partly by the suddenness of Chrysler's move, which was negotiated in deep secrecy with Peugeot officials headed by President Jean-Paul Payrare. John Riccardo broke the news in London only three days before the sale was announced. More important, the British fear that Peugeot will be tempted to shut down Chrysler U.K.'s plants, wiping out 23,200 jobs, and sell French-made cars through Chrysler's British dealer network. The government will probably approve the sale, however, subject to tough conditions: an end to the subsidies, an ironclad commitment by Peugeot to keep making cars in Britain, or both.

For Peugeot, the lure of the deal is simple: size. Peugeot has prospered since it began taking over ailing Citroën in 1974. Last year it earned \$239 million on sales of \$8.5 billion. But it is convinced that it must grow bigger still, because in the long run only European companies with volume comparable to the U.S. and Japanese giants will be able to survive international competition. The Chrysler deal will give it 18% of the West European market, and perhaps eventually a slice of the market in the U.S., where it sold only 10,000 Peugeots and no Citroëns last year. Under an agreement with American Motors Corp., the French government-owned Renault firm will sell cars in the U.S. through A.M.C. dealers. It would only be logical for Peugeot to request the same service from its new shareholder, Chrysler.

Economy & Business

America's New Elite

A big-spending market is born: two-career couples

Gayle and Chip Swett, both 35, live well by any standard. Chip earns about \$35,000 a year as a stockbroker, while Gayle designs and produces shower curtains; this year she hopes to sell \$75,000 worth. They paid \$80,000 last year for their five-bedroom colonial house in Sherborn, Mass. and recently filled up the place with everything from expensive wicker furniture to a large freezer. They have bought a country-club membership (\$2,000 a year), two cars, two TVs and a long list of high-priced appliances. Says Gayle: "All I lack is a Cuisinart."

For the Swetts, and several million other young American couples, the good life has arrived early. More and more of them are opting for two-career marriages. Mostly both partners work because they want to, not because they have to—although many feel financially overextended. Their goal: boosting the family income as high and as quickly as possible.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that 30.4 million U.S. families (53% of the total) have at least two earners; their median income is \$20,400, or \$7,200 above that of one-earner families. But this includes couples of all ages with some of the spouses working only part-time. Yet there is a powerful and growing subgroup: moneyed, self-indulgent, career-oriented families in which the husbands are in their mid-20s to mid-30s. Of the 11 million families in this age bracket, nearly four million are households where the wife has a full-time job. And many of the multiple-earner families have combined incomes of \$30,000—and occasionally much more.

Even after inflation, these couples have more buying power than their parents did at their age. They can afford luxuries that most single-income families cannot, but they still avoid most long-term financial obligations. Saving, even for the day when pregnancy will temporarily eliminate one income, is not common. When the young two-income families do salt funds away, it is in bonds or real estate—the one popular long-term investment—rather than stocks, since they saw their parents hurt by inflation and market plunges. Compared with young couples ten or 20 years ago, they spend more and plan less for the future, figuring that something (Medicare, Social Security or private pensions) will take care of that distant tomorrow. Collectively, these young two-earner families are a new elite.

The new elite spends more than traditional single-earner families on entertainment, furniture, cameras, kitchen equipment, cars, travel. Compared with older affluent people, they spend more casually on golf, tennis and swimming club memberships. They buy more fast-food take-outs and restaurant meals; when

cooking at home, they prefer costlier foods and wines. They pay freely for child care, and the working wife needs her own full wardrobe of office clothes. Their philosophy is expressed by a community service representative for Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, Robert Molina, 24, whose wife is a clerk in the sheriff's office: "When you see something on TV, you crave it."

These young couples are having a major economic impact. The U.S. League of Savings Associations reports that 45% of all 1977 home buyers were two-earner families and more than two-thirds of them were under 34. When buying houses, the elite pays large sums, but is very particular. Observes David Kosta, a broker at Swanson Associates, realtors in Winchester, Mass.: "Single-income families want the most modern homes, with everything showy. The double-income couple likes older houses with character. They want the original woodwork and even the old-fashioned plumbing fixtures."

Cars, cars—the new elite also loves cars. Many auto salesmen echo Bob Niland, who works at Volvo Village near Boston: "Before 1970 our buyers were families where just the husband worked. Now, at least among the younger buyers, the wife almost always works." These buyers, he adds, look for reliability and safety rather than glamour.

Vacations are also a big-budget item. "Before we had a house and baby we spent all our money on trips," says Ivor Bloom, 29, manager of Crimson Travel Service's Boston office. Bloom's wife also works in the travel business. "We are fairly typical," he notes. "If a couple has not made the major purchase of a house, they put their extra income into seeing the world." When the new elite travels, it is to stay longer at more distant, expensive and exotic destinations. Young two-earner couples prefer to pay more for guaranteed



The Landesses: accustomed to a style



The Jacobses: life as a candy store

The Swetts engaged in their shower-curtain business: everything but a Cuisinart





The Regensteins: no hard decisions

Among the big spenders whom the marketers are discovering are:

► Ira Landess, 38, a psychotherapist, and his wife, Marcia McBroom, 28, an actress and model, live in Manhattan and between them earn \$80,000. But, Ira contends, they are still struggling to keep their heads above water. Says he: "We have no exorbitant expenses, but it is not easy to save." Perhaps so, but they rent a two-bedroom penthouse at \$616 a month, take lots of taxis, go on frequent overseas vacations, eat in gourmet restaurants and have a housekeeper who helps look after their baby. Ira believes that "you can make do with one income, but you get accustomed to a style of living where you spend more quickly, and it becomes almost a necessity to have a double salary."

► John and Betty Jacobs, both 31, have a combined income of about \$75,000 a year as attorneys for two Chicago law firms. They earn far more than their parents, whom they now help support. But they have little savings, and last year borrowed to pay their taxes. They live in a comfortable home on the affluent North Shore, for which they paid \$67,000 in 1975. Even with debts from their college days, they manage to vacation in Paris and San Francisco. "We are able to be

► Sam Slay, 30, and Fay Dunson, 27, have been married only 18 months and, without going on an austerity budget, they have already saved \$11,000 toward a down payment on a house. Both work for Xerox near Los Angeles, and they jointly earn \$48,000. They take frequent "little jaunts" to San Diego, San Francisco and Las Vegas and a longer holiday in the East once a year. Recently, they bought a new second car; they rent an expensive two-bedroom duplex complete with spiral staircase and a swimming pool for residents of the complex. "Fay is the fiscal conservative," says Sam. "She gets uptight if the bills on our credit cards total more than \$1,200. We live a comfortable life—our parents wanted us to have what they did not have."

There is a price to be paid for all this early affluence. Two-income families are hit twice for Social Security taxes, and their federal tax levies are higher too. When the husband earns a handsome income, his wife's salary, large or small, is taxed at a high rate. Generally, if his income is \$25,000, she is taxed at least 32% on her earnings.

The heavy demands of two careers can cut into home and social lives; children must be postponed or reared by proxy, and there can be conflicts over moving to take better jobs. That is why quite a few of the new elite feel like Van MacNair, 34, a Washington tennis shops manager. He insists that he would like to earn enough to give his wife Gretchen, 31, a chance not to work; but Gretchen, who works for a mortgage group, maintains that "a couple like us cannot get by without two incomes."

Often the working wife is looking for self-fulfillment as much as the extra income. Dr. Abbott Ferriss, a sociologist at Atlanta's Emory University, finds that "many husbands who have large incomes marry women who are highly educated and motivated and want the outlets of full careers." Largely for that reason, the percentage of two-career couples is rising at the top end of the education and income scale. Says Joseph Minarik, a Brookings Institution researcher: "In the '60s it was people from the lower- and middle-income levels who were becoming two-income families. Now more elite families are taking two full-time jobs; households that were already above average are moving much more above average."

Fabian Linden, a director of research at the Conference Board, calculates that four of five families in the richest fifth of the population—those with combined incomes of \$25,000 or more—have at least two earners. By 1980, he estimates, multi-earner families will account for about two-thirds of all consumer demand, and an ever larger proportion of them will be the young new elite. People who sell can savor these prospects, but there is another side to this golden coin. The new poor—or at least the nonaffluent—will increasingly consist of families that have only the traditional one breadwinner. ■



The Slays at apartment pool: what their parents wanted them to have

rather than stand-by tickets and avoid large prearranged tours; they are often willing to dish out \$3,000 or more for advance bookings.

In the marketplace, members of the new elite often behave as affluent singles and thus buy two—or more—of many things. "They are two-identity couples who buy for 'me' rather than 'we,'" says Larry Light, an executive vice president of BBDO, the advertising agency. "They don't buy as a family. We have to sell to them as individuals. Everybody has his or her own bar of soap and bottle of shampoo." Rena Bartos, a senior vice president at J. Walter Thompson, suggests that career couples are a prime target for a host of products, but explains, "We are still in the discovery stage as to how this market should be tapped."

self-indulgent," says Betty. "I don't worry if I see a dress that costs a lot." Adds John: "Our life-style is like a candy store."

► Lewis Regenstein, 35, and his wife, Janice Mendenhall, 32, live in Washington in a \$131,500 four-bedroom townhouse bought 18 months ago. He earns \$20,000 as vice president for the Fund for Animals, and she gets \$47,500 as director of administration for the General Services Administration. They do not think that they live ostentatiously and often wonder where the money goes. They eat out three times a week, share a summer house and own a nine-year-old TV and a '69 Olds. They have about \$10,000 in savings and investments. "We don't go in for speedboats and expensive clothes," says Janice, "but we really don't have to make very hard decisions on what to buy."

Economy & Business

"Disturbed"

Marshall jawbones Meany

Big deal: inflation may turn out to be no worse than expected this year. That about sums up the import of the news last week of a slowdown in wholesale-price increases in July. The month's annual rate of 6.2% was about a third less than the rises in May and June, and the smallest jump in four months.

But there was less to the good news than met the eye. Food prices, which rocketed during the winter and spring, dipped 0.3% at wholesale in July, promising some relief at the supermarket checkout in coming months. The dip had been expected, however. Indeed, if it had not occurred, the U.S. would have been in a desperate inflationary jam: wholesale

prices of other finished goods continued to jump at double-digit rates. At best, chances have only improved for holding consumer-price increases for the year to no more than the 7.2% that the Administration forecast. Says Alan Greenspan, a member of the TIME Board of Economists: "I think that the rate of inflation is slowing down from disastrous to merely terrible."

Unfortunately, the Administration seems bereft of new ideas for bringing the rate down. Last week it even silenced one of its anti-inflationary guns: Barry Bosworth, head of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, who had riled union leaders by assailing big wage boosts, was ordered to shut up. Labor Secretary Ray Marshall told an A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council meeting in Chicago that henceforth any Administration comments on labor negotiations will be coordinated by

a five-man committee on which Bosworth will have only one voice. Translation: less, and softer, jawboning. As a substitute, Marshall is talking up Government-labor management committees that would study ways of taming costs and prices in specific industries.

If Jimmy Carter thought that that would soothe A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, he was mistaken. Meany grumbled that the 6½% postal workers' settlement, rightly hailed by the Administration as an example of wage moderation, had been too low—and on hearing that, Carter flew into a rare rage. At a press conference, Marshall said that Meany's remarks had "personally disturbed" the President and that his stand could lead to "more inflationary demands." Meany's response was immediate: "I've called it as I saw it. I don't intend to change."

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Some Hope for the Ex-Champ

The free economy has been good to Robert Abboud, and maybe that is why he worries so much about its future.

He has shown that in this wide-open economy a hard-nosed scrapper can beat the odds. His first big boss warned him not to expect to rise too high in banking because grandsons of Lebanese immigrants can't make it big in that WASP world. Abboud was not impressed, and several years ago he beat out three other candidates to become chairman of First Chicago Corp., parent of First National Bank of Chicago.

He savors the perks: the chauffeured limo that picks him up in the suburbs at 6 a.m.; the ballroom-sized corner office decorated with Oriental artifacts to remind him of his recent trip to China.

Banker Abboud, 49, also has liabilities. The \$3.4 million loan that he approved for fellow Democrat Bert Lance still embarrasses him; and many officers have left First Chicago because Abboud has a short fuse—befitting a man who is 5 ft. 6 in. and expects everybody to share his own I-made-it-the-hard-way workaholicism. But few question that he runs a top bank; last year First Chicago Corp.'s assets rose 14% to \$22.6 billion. Or that he comes forth with some unstarthy ideas from behind his stiff collars and vested suits.

Excited by the oil prospects that he saw in China, he foresees a three-way trade between capitalists and Communists. In Abboud's view, the U.S. will sell oil equipment to Peking. Then the Chinese will ship oil to Japan. Completing the deal, the Japanese will continue to send their cars, cameras and appliances to the U.S. Result: the U.S. will pay for its Japanese imports by selling drilling gear to China—and there will be oil for the lamps of Japan.

What troubles Abboud now is that U.S. capitalism is not getting enough new capital. "There is a tremendous disinvestment in the economy," he says. The number of shareholders has shrunk so drastically that Wall Street's plum has become a prune. Americans are spending instead of investing, figuring as do Latin Americans that it is better to buy now because the price of everything is going to be higher tomorrow. "In consequence," adds Abboud, "big firms like A T & T can get capital, but small companies have

a hard time. So the basic job-producing engine is drying up." No wonder pugnacious foreign competitors are winning America's markets at home and abroad. "It's like an ex-champ on the ropes," says Abboud, punching out the words.

The U.S., Abboud argues, must do three things:

First, reduce the growth of Government spending on consumption-oriented programs, which are using up so much capital. In Abboud's metaphor, "the Government is like the big elephant coming to the pond, drinking all the water, leaving the gazelles without milk."

Second, unwind some Government regulations that devour capital. "For example, we have to develop domestic sources of energy, and some environmental rules will have to take a backseat—temporarily."

Third, defend the "grossly undervalued dollar" by buying up dollars in world markets. "We're out of our minds not to go in and spend whatever it takes. I don't think that it will take more than \$20 billion to \$30 billion, but it wouldn't bother me if it were \$100 billion."

If this were a political platform, any prudent banker would deny a loan to finance Abboud's campaign. Yet he speaks some hard truths. Unless the geometric growth of some popular and politically "uncontrollable" programs is controlled—Abboud mentions Social Security and veterans benefits—then much deeper deficits lie ahead. Until the Government eases some regulations, managers will spend capital to meet those rules instead of to create jobs. Buying up dollars will not permanently lift America's currency but at least will give the U.S. time to ease the trade and budget deficits that are dragging the dollar down.

Clubby bankers from Zurich to Tokyo have confided to Abboud that Middle Eastern, Latin American and Asian capitalists are poised to invest many billions in the politically stable U.S.—as soon as they become convinced that they will not lose because of further dollar erosion. When these worldly investors plunge in, the stock market will surge, many jobs and business opportunities will be created, and the temporarily groggy champ will start to bounce back.

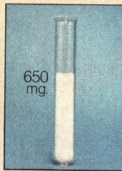


Banker Abboud

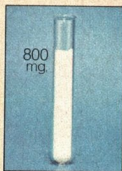


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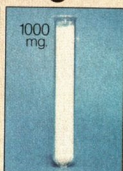
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How college students cooked up energy-saving ideas for the home.

This year, Armco asked 56 industrial design and engineering students from Brigham Young, Northwestern, Notre Dame and Vanderbilt universities to deal with a dilemma: how to save more energy in the home. Then, we invited 24 energy experts from government and industry to see the students' presentations and to critique their solutions.

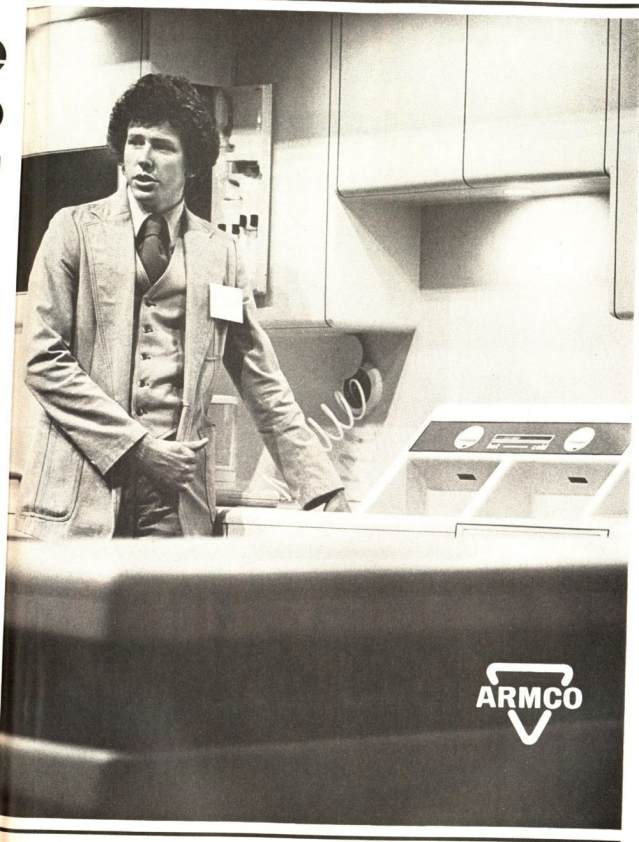
The students' ideas included an ultrasonic dishwasher that uses less water and energy, ovens that cut heat loss, a refrigerator that lets you see food without opening the door, new bathroom fixtures that greatly reduce water use—even a windmill to power home air conditioning.

During the past 13 years, Armco has made it possible for 686 students from 28 U.S. colleges to suggest answers to some of society's most formidable problems, including public transportation, fighting fire and designing to accommodate the handicapped.

The Armco Student Design Program helps bridge the gap between campus and industry, encourages creative thoughts, and allows students to go *directly* to seasoned professionals with ideas for a better way of life.

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Economy & Business

Rocky Times for a Highflyer

A dealer in politics and planes loses a hot seller

From East Africa to Capitol Hill, a lot of lofty political leaders have a working relationship with Businessman James Wilmot. James who? His name is scarcely a household word even on his upstate New York turf. But Wilmot's otherwise unprepossessing office, in a cinder-block building at the edge of the Rochester airport, contains a profusion of photographs showing him with people in high places.

At 66, Wilmot is a hustling, self-made millionaire. Wearing one of his entrepreneurial hats, he is the principal owner of Wilmore Inc., a Rochester construction and real estate firm. Elsewhere Wilmot is best known as the chairman and chief stockholder of Page Airways Inc.; it does a brisk business (1977 revenues: \$59 million) operating terminals for private planes at nine busy locations, including Washington's National and Dulles airports. But what made Page special and Wilmot very rich was the firm's role as the worldwide sales agent for Grumman Corp.'s twin-jet Gulfstream II, at up to \$7 million a model, the Cadillac of corporate aircraft.

Under an arrangement with Grumman made in 1970, Page was paid a \$30,000 commission for every plane sold, even if Grumman itself did the selling. Now Page has lost this deal, and a scandal has plunged Wilmot's businesses into legal troubles, including grand jury investigations in Washington and Rochester and charges by the Securities and Exchange Commission of illegal payoffs.

Wilmot's woes started in 1973, when a small Texas outfit that installs navigation and communications systems in Gulfstreams accused Page of trying to take over its lucrative business by, among other tactics, bribing one of its executives with \$30,000 and the use of a Jaguar sports car. Last October Page was ordered by a U.S. court to pay the Texas firm \$9 million in damages for trying to monopolize the Gulfstream outfitting business. Page is appealing that decision, but testimony at the trial about other Page activities has led to more trouble for Wilmot.

In April the SEC charged Page with making sham deals overseas to hide varying payoffs in connection with the sale of four Gulfstreams to Saudi Arabian Airlines between 1975 and 1977 and the 1975 sale of a Gulfstream to Morocco. The total unaccounted-for funds, says the commission: \$5 million.

The SEC also charged that since 1971 Page executives have made other questionable payments of more than \$2.5 million in connection with \$60 million in aircraft sales abroad, mostly involving Gulfstreams. According to the SEC, Page gave \$200,000 to President Albert-Bernard ("Omar") Bongo of Gabon; paid

\$412,000 to an organization whose secretary was Timothée Ahoua, Ivory Coast Ambassador to the U.S.; passed \$900,000 to an outfit controlled by Datuk Harris Salleh, at that time Minister of Industrial Development of the Malaysian state of Sabah; and gave a Cadillac convertible to Uganda's dictator, Idi Amin Dada.

Amin has been a fond Page customer since 1973. That year a Page vice president sold Amin a Gulfstream after giving him a lift from Uganda to a meeting of Third World leaders in Algiers. Page subsequently sold Amin a Lockheed cargo plane and furnished crews for it. When Amin wanted to buy medical supplies and seed wheat, Page executives rounded them up from U.S. suppliers. Amin gave Wilmore the contract to build Uganda's new \$5 million U.N. mission in Manhattan. Only after Congress began investigating U.S. suppliers selling equipment to Uganda about a year ago did Page break its aircraft service contract with Amin.

Wilmot insists that the SEC charges are without merit and dismisses criticism about dealing with Amin. Says he: "You

gan with two Piper Cubs, a Waco bi-plane and a desk borrowed from a Democratic ward office.

As he prospered, Wilmot became an important Democratic Party fund raiser. He has entertained New York Governor Hugh Carey and Robert Kennedy in his Rochester home. After his unsuccessful presidential campaign in 1968, Hubert Humphrey relaxed at Wilmot's 400-acre hunting reserve at Mendon, N.Y. Wilmot, his friends and associates contributed large sums to the 1974 reelection campaign of Senator Daniel Inouye, member of the Senate Aviation Subcommittee, and in 1976 to a fund set up by House Speaker Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill, then majority leader, for the campaigns of Democratic Congressmen.

Wilmot helped organize Democratic fundraising dinners in the mid-1970s.



Grumman Gulfstream II, the Cadillac of corporate jets; inset: Page Airways' Boss Wilmot
Helping Hubert Humphrey to relax, and Uganda's Idi Amin to buy wheat.

don't have to believe in a man's political philosophy to do business with him."

Jim Wilmot, reports TIME New York Correspondent Robert Parker, has always known how to mix business and politics. Son of an Irish immigrant tailor, Wilmot left high school to help support his family and, by 21, was deeply involved in Rochester's Democratic politics. Through political connections, he got a job as assistant manager of the city's airport. He took flying lessons from Elmer Page, a local instructor, and in 1939 joined him and three other men to form Page Airways, which operated a flying school and charter service. It be-

when Robert Strauss headed the Democratic National Committee and funneled legal work on his aviation and real estate interests to Strauss's Dallas law firm. When Strauss left the board of Columbia Pictures to join the Carter Administration last year, Wilmot took Strauss's seat.

Although it could be many months before the SEC's charges come to trial, Wilmot's days as a highflyer in international aviation seem over. Last month Grumman sold its Gulfstream-manufacturing subsidiary to American Jet Industries, of Van Nuys, Calif. Its president, Allen Paulson, says flatly that Page will not be asked to help sell any more Gulfstreams. ■

COVER STORY

In Search of a Pope

Paul's pontificate ends, and the Roman Catholic Church weighs its future

"I propose to die poor," said Pope Paul VI in his last will and testament, handwritten in 1965 and then set aside, to be opened on his death. Last week, as the world's Roman Catholics mourned their Pontiff, Paul's final directive was released. It exemplified both the simplicity and the spirituality of the man. Paul left most of his modest possessions to the Holy See. He also made some requests. Referring to the ecumenical movement he did so much to foster, he urged: "The work of drawing closer to our separated brethren should continue with great understanding, with great patience, and with great love, but without deviating from the true Catholic doctrine." Regarding his own funeral, he asked, "Let it be as simple as possible. . . . The grave: I would like it to be in the real earth, with a simple covering indicating the place and inviting Christian piety. No monument for me."

Last Saturday his wishes were honored. At his muted, dignified open-air requiem Mass in St. Peter's Square there was no ornate catafalque. The ceremony had a certain grandeur nonetheless, flowing from those who came to pay homage: the more than 100,000 worshippers and the dignitaries from 104 nations, including Rosalynn Carter from the U.S., U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim and hosts of high government officials and diplomats. Leaders of the "separated brethren" also attended, led by retired Archbishop of Canterbury A. Michael Ramsey. A folio of the four Gospels lay open on the plain coffin as Carlo Cardinal Confalonieri, 85, read a brief address in Italian extolling the Pontiff's life. Then 95 red-robed Cardinals celebrated the Mass. After the anthem *In Paradisum Conducant Te Angeli* (May the Angels Lead You to Paradise), the coffin was taken to the crypt beneath St. Peter's and placed in a newly prepared tomb. Above the applauding throng and the massed ranks of police, the sky had darkened into a gentle twilight.

Before he was stricken, Paul seemed to sense, somehow, that his life was nearing its end. Four weeks ago, as he left the Vatican for his annual summer retreat at Castel Gandolfo in the nearby Alban Hills, he told an aide: "We do not know if we will return and how we will return." On the first day of August, the theme recurred. Driven to the wine-making hamlet of Frattocchio to visit the grave of an old friend, he said to a knot of onlookers: "We hope to meet him after death, which for us cannot be far away." Five days later, on the Feast of the Transfiguration of Jesus Christ, the Pope was dead.

Despite Paul's premonitions, despite his advanced age (80), despite the intense speculation that has gone on for several years

about his possible successors, the church is never really ready for a papal death. All but its most essential activities came to a halt as attention focused on Paul's funeral—and on the search for a new Pope. Late next week the conclave of Cardinals will begin balloting in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel to fill the empty throne that stands at the epicenter of Christian history. The number of *papabili*—possible Popes—is unusually large, and the final choice is as unpredictable as it is critical for the future of Roman Catholicism and its 683 million adherents.

Paul's 15-year pontificate was a turbulent one by any standard. From the first, he was haunted by the enormous popu-

larity of his predecessor, Pope John XXIII, and buffeted by often uncontrollable forces. Many of those forces were unleashed by the Second Vatican Council (1962-65), convened by John and completed under Paul. The council dramatically modernized church policies in such areas as religious liberty, ecumenism, the liturgy and the role of the laity.

Paul thus inherited a church torn between excessive expectations of change and equally excessive resistance to change, and it fell to him to keep Roman Catholicism from being torn apart. As a Vatican analyst put it last week, "Paul found himself confronted with the avalanche of the council and had to stem it. The church

ceased to progress, the spirit of the council was stopped. But the church can no longer pursue a mere holding action."

Indeed, Paul's successor will confront a galaxy of unsolved problems: the continuing resistance among Catholics to the church's prohibition of artificial birth control; growing demands for a greater diffusion of power; the church's role in promoting social justice; questions about priestly celibacy, the role of women; and the modernized liturgy.

Paul exhausted himself trying to cope with these issues, and his health had plagued him for years. On Friday, Aug. 4, his doctors ordered him confined to the large iron bed in his damask-walled room, overlooking extensive gardens. The cause was a flare-up of his arthritis, a disease of the joints that particularly affected his knees. On Saturday Paul developed an acute bladder infection and, after a feverish night, his condition deteriorated. At 5:30 p.m. Sunday, his heart began to fail and his lungs to take on fluid. He was put in an oxygen tent and, at his request, his secretary, Monsignor Pasquale Macchi, administered the last rites, or Anointing of the Sick.

Paul summoned French Cardinal Jean Villot, 72, the camerlengo (chamberlain) he had appointed to administer the church between his own death and the election of a new Pope.



More than 100,000 crowd St. Peter's Square to bid farewell to Pope Paul VI



As Swiss Guards stand watch, the body of Pope Paul VI lies in state in St. Peter's Basilica, in front of the high altar with its Bernini canopy

"We hope to meet him after death, which for us cannot be far away," he said, and five days later he was dead.

While the others in the room retreated to a far side, Paul spoke privately for five or six minutes with Villot, who is also the Vatican Secretary of State. The Pope's breathing grew more and more labored. At one point he said, "We have arrived at the end. We thank..." Then his voice trailed off. A little later, he asked those around him to "pray for me." His last words were to the effect that the death of a Pope is like that of others, "but it can teach men something." At 9:40 p.m. he died, so peacefully that his aides at first thought he had only fallen asleep.

Villot, following a centuries-old ritual, immediately called out the Pope's baptismal name (Giovanni) three times, then pronounced the formula *vere Papa mortuus est* (truly the Pope is dead). He dispensed with the former tradition of tapping the dead Pontiff's head three times with a small silver mallet. Minutes later a heavy chain was drawn across the great iron door of Castel Gandolfo, and church bells in Rome began their slow, measured death toll, signaling the news to the world.

With the Pope garbed in a red chasuble, slippers and gloves and a gold-and-white miter on his head, some 60,000 mourners filed past his body. Then, with more than 5,000 soldiers and police standing guard against Italy's unpredictable terrorists, a hearse drove the body along the 15-mile route to St. Peter's. For a time the body was sealed in its casket. But when Cardinals arriving in Rome voiced disappointment, it was again put on view—in front of the high altar, where only the Pope or his delegate may say Mass. (The body had to be injected with more formaldehyde because it was already decomposing in the late summer heat.)



Pontiff's body clad in traditional miter, chasuble, gloves and slippers

Paul's death came in the middle of the *ferragosto*, Italy's traditional August vacation break, and Curial Cardinals were scattered everywhere. Cables went out to them and to all Cardinals around the globe, summoning them to Rome. Sebastiano Baggio, head of the Vatican Congregation of Bishops, had to fly in from Colombia, where he was helping prepare an October meeting of Latin American bishops. On Tuesday, in the presence of those red hats who had arrived in the Eternal City, Villot raised a hammer and smashed the Fisherman's seal, inscribed with Paul's name, that had been removed from the papal ring. The purpose of this traditional ritual is to prevent forgeries during the interim. Also that day Villot sealed up Paul's private quarters, leaving his papers intact. (When Pope John's diaries were released after the 1963 conclave, they showed that privately, he hoped Montini would succeed him. Paul, however, directed that all his personal papers be burned after his death.)

There was every indication that the conclave would be complex, difficult and possibly protracted. One Italian Cardinal who has been mentioned as a candidate joked that he was taking

into the conclave "enough personal linen to last two months." Even as the first wave of Cardinals assembled, rumors drifted out of the Vatican of heated arguments, particularly over Paul's 1975 conclave decree, which directed that Cardinals age 80 and over could not vote for the new Pope. Among the 15 octogenarians thus excluded, several were trying to overturn the rule, in particular the archconservative Curialist Alfredo Ottaviani, 87, and Paulo Marella, 83. The rules for the conclave

itself are fixed in punctilious detail. After a Mass of the Holy Spirit, the electors will retire into the Apostolic Palace at about 7 p.m. on Aug. 25. Paul was so concerned with protecting secrecy that the customary aides to Cardinals, known as conclavists, will be banned. Each Cardinal will take a lengthy oath, swearing "inviolable secrecy about each and every matter concerning the election of the new Pontiff." When the Cardinals are literally locked within the walls and the quarters screened for any bugging devices—another Pauline directive—the meeting will begin.

Electoral sessions are in the Sistine Chapel, though due to the large number in attendance this time some electors must sit outside the ornate grille that divides the chapel in two. Though the rules allow for unanimous, spontaneous election "by inspiration," no one expects that to occur. In election "by scrutiny," with secret written ballots, a Pope must receive two-thirds of the votes plus one. Two ballots are taken in succession each morning, and two each afternoon. After each unsuccessful vote the ballots are burned along with damp straw; the black smoke tells the waiting world that the church still has no Pope. If a deadlock develops, the Cardinals can decide unanimously to elect "by delegation," choosing nine to 15 of their number to make the choice. At the moment the final decision comes, each Cardinal lowers the purple canopy over his chair, leaving one canopy unfurled—that over the new Pope. The final ballots are burned alone, and the white smoke announces success to those waiting outside.

Pius XII was chosen in a virtual snap election of less than 36 hours. John XXIII in five days, Paul in less than 48 hours. Though anything is possible, no comparable speed is expected this time—unless the weather plays a persuasive role. Even in the wilting heat and humidity of Rome in August, protocol demands that the Cardinals don violet cassocks topped with woolen capes. Their temporary living quarters (or "cells") in the Apostolic Palace during the conclave lack air conditioning. Says one prelate: "Perhaps the heat will combine with divine revelation to help them reach a decision quickly."

Working against a quick decision is the fact that the Sacred College of Cardinals has never been so large nor so diverse. John was selected by 51 Cardinals and Paul by 80. But Paul swelled the College to 130 and broadened representation to 51 nations. Of the 115 Cardinals eligible to vote, the Italians number but 26; there are only 30 from the rest of Europe. Thus the 59 non-Europeans who will be voting have a paper-thin majority—for the first time in history.

Though the U.S. has the second largest national bloc, its nine Cardinals are not expected to unite behind a single candidate or carry much collective weight. One of the nine, John Wright, conservative prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Clergy, is recovering from surgery in

*The only other prelate certain not to make the conclave is Bombay's ailing Valerian Gracias, a traditionalist.



Motorcade escorts hearse containing the Pope's remains past Colosseum. Every indication of a complex, difficult and protracted conclave.

He must not only lead a catholic (that is, universal) church, but he must also be *simpatico* with the people of Rome and of Italy, to whom he is spiritual father. Would Romans applaud as enthusiastically for a Pakistani or a Canadian as he was borne down the main aisle of St. Peter's on the *sedes gestatoria* as they would for one of their own? A Vatican watcher points to the answer: "I don't know of one Italian Cardinal who would feel happy voting for a foreigner." Agrees W.A. Visser 't Hooft, founder of the World Council of Churches: "It would take a concerted conspiracy of the non-Italian Cardinals to force it through."

What is more, the Pope has another task (that can be daunting to a non-Italian: running the Vatican City, with its 1,200 ecclesiastical bureaucrats. Despite Paul's infusion of foreigners at top levels, Italians still dominate the middle-management echelon, particularly in the all-powerful Secretariat of State. Some liberals calculate that only a fellow Italian can really control the Curia and complete Paul's program of internationalization.

A major factor could be Italy's long-running political crisis. Communists control Rome and most of Italy's other major cities and are inching ever closer toward participation in the national government. For that reason, many analysts assume that a non-Italian is simply inconceivable. The crisis, however, cuts both ways. One American with Curial experience says that Italian bishops tell him that a non-Italian Pope is needed to shield the office from entanglement in no-win national disputes. Besides, remarks Jesuit James C. Carter (no kin), president of Loyola University of New Orleans, "the church is going to project a parochial image as long as we give the feeling there is something intrinsically Italian about it."

The very fact that an African and an Argentine are even being mentioned as *papabili* is to the credit of Paul, the supposedly timid Pope. It was Paul who appointed the first black and Chicano bishops in the U.S. in this century, 19 black African and Asian Cardinals and, earlier this year, the first black archbishop in South Africa. He made unprecedented papal visitations to honor Latin America, Africa, Asia and the Pacific islands. In these regions his landmark utterance was not the divisive 1968 *Humanae vitae*, the birth control encyclical that caused such an uproar in the West, but his 1967 *Populorum progressio*, a Catholic charter for social and economic righteousness.

A worldwide survey by TIME correspondents last

Funeral procession carries Paul's coffin across St. Peter's Square



Religion

week showed that Paul's increased attentiveness to areas beyond the Western democracies has been paralleled by increasing church vigor in those areas. In the First World, attendance at Mass fell dramatically and a shortage of priests afflicted nations after nations during Paul's pontificate. Ideological acrimony still abounds. But Catholicism is reviving in Communist Eastern Europe, the Catholic population in Africa has grown 111% (to 52 million) during the Pauline era, and Latin America enjoys signs of resurgence after a difficult period. The reason? Perhaps squabbles over doctrine and church reform appear less important than the church's eternal message where Mass-going Catholics may be shunted into undesirable jobs or where priests may be harassed for seeking to improve the lot of peasants.

In any case, Third World commentaries on Paul's death were generally far warmer than those that appeared in the West, where the late Pope is widely seen as a leader who started out boldly but lost his nerve. During a British radio talk show, broadcaster Ian Gilchrist offhandedly described Paul as a "silly old fool who caused misery to millions of gullible people." He was promptly suspended. To influential Austrian Catholic Publisher Otto Schumleister, Paul's reign "seemed a pontificate of disintegration." Even commentators friendly to Paul argued that his administration stagnated in the 1970s, and his implementation of Vatican II and its bold initiatives were sup-

Father John Navone, an American who teaches at the Jesuits' Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome, says such perplexities "no longer can be solved by a one-man fiat. The new Pope must avail himself of the wisdom of the church by calling a Vatican III to resolve the momentous doctrinal, disciplinary and moral problems."

The authority question touches most of the major items on the next Pope's crowded agenda. Among them:

Ending the crisis of vocation. The shortage of priests and nuns in the West is near the peril point in nations after nations, though there are signs that the exodus and the precipitous drop in new seminarians may both be bottoming out. In West Germany's church, engorged though it is with \$1.9 billion a year from public taxes, the Limburg diocese expects to have more lay missionaries than priests running parishes by 1985. The major reason for the crunch is the rule of celibacy. The next Pope may be forced to re-examine that rule—and the role of women in the church as well.

Diffusing power. A favorite word of the Vatican II years was "collegiality," referring to power sharing between the Pope and the 2,280 bishops across the world. Paul took the dramatic step of forming an international Synod of Bishops, then made it a forum without power. It met five times during his reign and never



Holding large ceremonial candles, Cardinals prepare for procession with Pope's casket

At stake: the future of a church with 683 million followers.

planted by temporizing. No wonder. Beseated by rancorous critics to his left and right, Paul had to struggle mightily merely to hold his church together. He succeeded, but in the process was branded overcautious, hesitant.

In the next pontificate, however, many Catholics now appear to be looking for more decisive leadership. "Whoever the Pope is, he'll have to take some stronger positions, even if some are on the right," says a leader of the left, Spain's lay theologian Enrique Miret Magdalena. If, as many observers argue, this is a time to turn, the question remains: In which direction? The overarching issue in Roman Catholicism today is cohesion, or—to use an old-fashioned term—authority. It is a sign of the difficulties facing the next Pope that Catholic pundits differ widely on how authority should be used.

Two American priests help define the poles. Richard McBrien, a much quoted Boston College theologian, thinks most Catholics with "credentials, intelligence and judgment" are liberals who will be lost to the church if a Pope tries to mollify the conservatives. Only a progressive Pope, he says, will restore the necessary "optimism and confidence." Kenneth Baker, editor of the conservative *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, pleads the opposite: "We need a Pope who overcomes the confusion over what it means to be a Catholic. The seminaries are a shambles. We need clear directives about what the church stands for, clear lines for dissent." Baker and McBrien agree that a middle-of-the-roader will only enhance drift and decline.

had any discernible effect on his thought or action. Last week a pillar of the conciliar generation, Belgium's Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens, said that carrying out the duties of the papacy is "humanly impossible." To ease the burden, he proposed a "synodal" Pope who would govern in close collaboration with the bishops.

Another variation on the theme is local autonomy. Even liberals ask: Why not let a parish use the outmoded Latin text if it prefers? They suggest that celibacy, too, might be made a matter of local—or regional—option. The Anglican Church last week approved a form of local option concerning the ordaining of women priests, and that action is likely to spur further debate among Catholics on the virtues of decentralized authority. Yet the very concave that will elect the next Pope is, of course, the epitome of noncollegiality; Paul turned aside suggestions that even token Synod representatives be included. Father Herbert Ryan, a Los Angeles theologian, argues that Paul had good reason to distrust power sharing. The bishops counseled him privately that the explosive *Humanae Vitae* birth control encyclical would win gradual acceptance, and they were proved spectacularly wrong. Of course, given his ascetic nature, Paul might well have issued precisely the same encyclical even if the bishops had given him the opposite advice.

Seeking ecumenism. One promising prospect that Paul leaves behind is full communion with Eastern Orthodoxy, but that cannot occur unless the Orthodox bishops hold their hoped-for

After Paul: The Leading Contenders



Paolo Cardinal Bertoli

The Romans have a word for it: *papabili*—the “possible Popes.” In other times and other conclaves, they were at most a handful of men who, because of their holiness or wisdom or political savvy—or some fortuitous combination of such qualities—were deemed worthy of election as Pope. The conclave to choose a successor to Pope Paul VI, however, will be like no other before it. The number of Cardinal-electors, for one thing, is far greater than in any previous conclave, nearly twice the number who voted in 1963 in Pope Paul’s election. With that increase has come an explosion of candidates. Ob-

serves Paulist Father Thomas Stransky, a former member of the Vatican’s Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity and longtime Curial insider: “There is such a wide spread that it is impossible to say whose name will finally come up.”

As many as 20 names are already being bruited, including those of some non-Italians. Most of the candidates defy easy labeling, for as Britain’s Peter Hebblethwaite, veteran Catholic editor and Vatican expert, wrote in *The Spectator* just before Paul’s death: “Any candidate who comes along with a conservative or progressive label must expect to be defeated. The next Pope cannot be the Pope of a faction within the church. He will have to rule from the center and be the servant of unity.”

Redemptorist Theologian F.X. Murphy, a shrewd observer of papal politics since the Second Vatican Council, singles out two qualities that the new Pope must have: “*pazienza e presenza*,” the patience to deal with a pluralistic, decentralized church and the commanding presence to lead and guide. Similarly, U.S. Sociologist Father Andrew Greeley, in a detailed “job description” for the next Pontiff, concludes that he should be a “hopeful, holy man, who can smile, delegate responsibility and trust other human beings.” If he is, Greeley observes, “it does not matter whether he is progressive or moderate.”

Another old distinction is fading, too—the line between a “pastoral” Pope, like John XXIII, and the statesman-diplomat, like Pius XII. Though bred to the Curia, Paul VI so cherished his nine years as Archbishop of Milan that he determined that future Cardinals, even career Curia men, should have at least one good stretch of pastoral work. Most of the leading contenders are men with both pastoral and Curial experience.



Johannes Cardinal Willebrands

Of the many names on the lips of the conclavists, five stand out, with several others in close contention and a large field of dark horses. The five:

Sebastiano Cardinal Baggio, 65. Inducted into the Vatican diplomatic corps as a 23-year-old priest, Baggio (pronounced *Bah-jee-o*) has moved steadily upward in a flawlessly loyal career. Assigned first to Vienna, he soon became a Latin American virtuoso, serving in six countries and learning, as he went, superb Spanish, Portuguese, English and half a dozen local dialects. The pastoral job Pope Paul found for him in 1969 would have discouraged a lesser man: the Archbishopric of Cagliari in Sardinia. Baggio gamely traveled the island in a simple black cassock, exhorting fraternal love in place of the endemic vendetta, cajoling landlords and industrialists to provide better conditions for workers. As prefect of the Congregation for Bishops since 1973, he has screened episcopal candidates from all over the Western Hemisphere and Western Europe—a job that has brought the tough but approachable Cardinal many a loyal ally and at least a few enemies. In one angry letter, he excoriated the Philippine hierarchy and religious superiors for their denunciations of the Marcos regime. He would be acceptable to many conservatives and moderates.



Sebastiano Cardinal Baggio

Sergio Cardinal Pignedoli, 68. The most congenial and outgoing of the top tier of papal candidates, Pignedoli (pronounced *Peen-yeh-doly*) was Pope Paul’s closest confidante among the Cardinals, a man whom the Pontiff most often chose for the concelebration of Mass, as a companion for trips abroad or to stand at his side for speeches from St. Peter’s balcony. Ordained at 22, he has served in a wide range of jobs—including a harrowing tour as the first Italian navy chaplain to accompany a submarine crew into action in World War II. He earned his pastoral spurs—and the future Pope’s lasting trust—as auxiliary bishop to then Archbishop Montini in Milan. Diplomatic assignments in Latin America, Africa, Canada and Viet Nam seasoned Pignedoli for a higher post: in 1967 Paul named him secretary to the Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples, a position in which he helped to elevate native priests and bishops. Now, as president of the Secretariat for Non-Christians, Pignedoli



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Eduardo Cardinal Pironio

can still indulge a passion for travel. He has visited 105 countries, preaching warm sermons on prayer and photographing everything. During these trips, he has built up an astonishing worldwide correspondence with more than 6,000 people—many of them young—who write to him in Rome, addressing him "Dear Sergio." Though nurtured by Paul, he could be another John.

Paolo Cardinal Bertoli, 70. In 1973, after nearly four years as prefect of the Congregation for Saints' Causes, Bertoli abruptly resigned his position. Neither he nor the Vatican ever explained the event, but two reasons have been suggested: 1) Bertoli was miffed that a new secretary to the congregation, Archbishop Giuseppe Casoria, had been appointed without his assent; in the 1960s, then Monsignor Casoria was identified as the notorious inquisitor of Priest-Educator Ivan Illich. 2) Bertoli felt that too many politically opportune saints were being pushed through the canonization process for the 1975 Holy Year without sufficient investigation. Either explanation, or both, would attest to Bertoli's wide reputation as a man of strict principle who could give the papacy a decisiveness that conservatives, especially, believe it needs. Bertoli's earlier diplomatic career took him from Occupied Paris in World War II, to Latin America, to war-torn Lebanon in 1975. He has no specific pastoral experience, but work with World War II refugees brought him close to the poor and the homeless.

Johannes Cardinal Willebrands, 68. Italians have enjoyed a 455-year monopoly on the papacy, but if the voting swings to a non-Italian, a probable choice will be Holland's Willebrands (pronounced *Vill-eh-brants*), a prelate who manages to keep one foot in his archdiocese of Utrecht and the other in Rome as president of the vital Secretariat for Christian Unity. An Amsterdam parish priest in the 1930s, a philosophy professor and seminary rector in the 1940s, Willebrands in 1948 became head of a Dutch church group promoting ecumenism. In 1960 Pope John appointed him to the new Christian Unity Secretariat under Ecumenical Pioneer Augustin Cardinal Bea. Inheriting Bea's mantle in 1969, Willebrands has forged new links with Eastern Orthodox churches, Anglicans, Lutherans and other Protestant churches. As Primate of Holland since 1975, he has eased—but not ended—bitter tensions between the progressive wing of the Dutch church and an angry, re-emergent conservative wing.

Eduardo Cardinal Pironio, 57. In conventional papal terms, Argentina's Pironio is too young for the job: if he reached Paul's age, he would still be ruling in 2001. But he is also a distinguished prelate of the burgeoning Third World and at the same time the son of Italian immigrants—the youngest of 22 children. Among the top five candidates, he is easily the most accomplished theologian, former dean of the Theological Faculty at the Pontifical Catholic Argentine University and a *peritus* (theological expert) at Vatican II. He is sympathetic to the social activists who espouse liberation theology, and as secretary-general of the Latin American Bishops' Conference (CELAM) from 1967 to 1972, encouraged them as members of

his staff. After becoming president of CELAM in 1972, he responded to Vatican worries about the increasingly Marxist drift of the theology and allowed a conservative secretary-general to cull the liberationists. Nevertheless, as Bishop of Mar del Plata, Pironio spoke out so sharply against right-wing terrorism that his life was threatened. In 1975 Pope Paul called Pironio to Rome, where he now heads the Congregation for the Religious. He could win the needed votes if the conclave wants a Third World man with Roman credentials.

The contest in Rome this month is by no means confined to these three Italians and two non-Italians: they are simply the early-form leaders in a very open race. There is, for example, a second rank of Italian *papabili*, led by the able Archbishop of Florence, Giovanni Cardinal Benelli, 57. As Substitute Secretary of State under French Cardinal Jean Villot for a decade, Benelli wielded more power than his boss, acting effectively as the Pope's chief of staff. Paul rewarded him last year with a red hat and the Archdiocese of Florence, but he is still quite young. What is more, his often bruising manner as the Pope's aide may have left too much blood on too many cassocks for him to win election this time.



St. Peter's statue in the basilica named for him
A commanding presence to lead and guide.

Salvatore Cardinal Pappalardo, 59. Archbishop of Palermo, might be a more conciliatory choice. A longtime teacher of Vatican diplomacy who was pro-nuncio to Indonesia during the anti-Communist bloodbath of 1965, Pappalardo capably moved into his faction-ridden Sicilian diocese as a unifying leader. A fellow southern Italian with an outside chance is Corrado Cardinal Ursi, 70, Archbishop of Naples. A widely admired pastor of the poor, Ursi travels from parish to parish to be sure all his people are cared for. His serious drawback is his parochialism: he speaks only Italian and has never served outside the country. Ugo Cardinal Poletti, 64, vicar-general for the Pope as Bishop of Rome, has been mentioned as a candidate because of his own concern with the capital's poor, but his efforts have been less intense and less successful than Ursi's. One powerful Italian, Pericle Felici, 67, who heads the Vatican commissions on implementing Vatican II and on revising canon law, will figure prominently in the conclave, but is rated too abrasive a conservative to be elected.

Perhaps the most attractive Italian of all has almost no hope of election: Archbishop Anastasio Ballestrero of Turin. Installed a year ago, Ballestrero, 64, is a Carmelite friar noted for his spirituality. He was slated for a red hat. The Cardinals in conclave could choose him (in theory, any Catholic male can be named Pope), just as they are said to have considered Archbishop Montini in the 1958 election. But no non-Cardinal has been elected since the 14th century.

Other appealing candidates stand only the barest chance in the voting. One is Bernardin Cardinal Gantin, 56, a black priest from Benin (formerly Dahomey), who was consecrated bishop 21 years ago by Pius XII. A tall, gentle man, quick to smile, he is now prefect of the Commission on Justice and Peace. Another is Britain's George Basil Cardinal Hume, 55, a Benedictine monk who in 1976 was plucked from obscurity as Abbot of Ampleforth Abbey to become Archbishop of Westminster. Hume's relative youth and inexperience

are likely to count negatively with the pragmatic Cardinals.

Certain other non-Italians may stand a better chance. France's Jean Cardinal Villot, 72, as camerlengo during the papal interregnum, has become suddenly more visible than he ever was as Secretary of State. Though austere in style, Villot is an approachable, sensible moderate, whom Paul might have listened to more carefully: he warned that a divorce referendum in Italy would result in a resounding defeat for the church, which is precisely what happened. It is, however, unlikely that any Cardinal from a major Western nation, such as France, West Germany or, above all, the U.S., would be chosen, lest the Vatican be identified too closely with big-power politics. No Americans are considered *papabili* anyway.

Smaller powers are more likely to provide viable dark-horse candidates. Despite his age, 73, and his Shermansque talk of refusing election, Austria's Franz Cardinal König remains a possibility. Spain's Vicente Cardinal Enrique y Tar-



Cardinals honor Paul VI in Sistine Chapel after 1963 conclave
Patience to deal with a pluralistic, decentralized church.

ancón, 71, Archbishop of Madrid, has won a reputation as a courageous, liberalizing leader who declined to officiate at Franco's funeral but pointedly helped to crown King Juan Carlos. In a stalemate, the "Iberian bloc"—Portuguese, Spanish and Latin American votes—could swing behind him. A favorite of many in Latin America and elsewhere is Brazil's Aloisio Cardinal Lorscheider, 53, Archbishop of Fortaleza, president of Brazil's Bishops Conference and outspoken critic of the military regime. Lorscheider's advocates have worried more about his health than his youth, but he is now fully recovered from open-heart surgery last year.

One old Roman saying need not bother the candidates: *Chi entra Papa esce Cardinale* (He who enters [the conclave] Pope leaves it a Cardinal). Even front runners, such as Pignedoli and Baggio, are not so far ahead that they can go into the conclave as "Popes." Any of a number of good men, however, could come out one.

Great Synod, the first in a millennium, and decide that sufficient doctrinal unity exists. As for the Protestants, Methodist Theologian J. Robert Nelson of Boston University thinks intercommunion should be achievable within a decade, at least with Anglicans and Lutherans, if the new Pope is willing.

Revising canon law. This seemingly dry-as-dust topic is vital for everyday church life, because it affects everything from annual processing to whether altar girls are permitted. The wholesale revision of the 1918 Code is the last major project from Vatican II that Paul leaves unfinished. For the Canon Law Society of America, at least, the sections so far proposed are "unacceptable in substance" because they are too distant from the realities of church life, and the revision process is "clouded in secrecy." John Noonan of the University of California Law School, a canon law specialist, suggests that the new Pope start over from scratch.

Re-examining *Ostpolitik*. Well before Willy Brandt or Henry Kissinger, Popes John and Paul began exploring détente with Communism. Despite arduous efforts, the results are so ambiguous that the new Pontiff may be tempted to take a harder line. Catholic leaders in Poland, Hungary, and even in Czechoslovakia, where the church suffers from severe oppression, generally give Paul high marks for his supple blend of firmness and flexibility. Conservatives in West Germany and elsewhere are less happy about the opening to the Communist world.

Promoting justice. Is the church's foremost role to serve the faith or to work for political and economic justice, or some balance between the two? Only weeks after the new Pope takes charge, that issue will be thrown into sharp focus when the Latin American bishops gather at Puebla, Mexico. Their meeting may produce a dramatic confrontation between go-it-slow churchmen and a restive "liberation" camp that sees opposition to oppression as a Christian duty. A Pope like Argentina's Eduardo Cardinal Pironio, an architect of the progressive bishops' conference of a decade ago, could encourage major initiatives. The issue also arose last month, when the African bishops' symposium issued moral denunciations of governments that are built upon lies, intolerance, political murders and "shameful enrichment of a small class at the expense of the broad masses." Above all, a Pope must continue to exemplify the anguish of Western Christians over the suffering of the world's poor—as Paul did so eloquently—whether or not he is able to find a new way to address the birth control problem.

These issues and many more besides will be on the minds of the Cardinals in conclave, but their overwhelming preoccupation will, of course, be with the secrecy-shrouded, ritual-encrusted process of choosing the next Vicar of Jesus Christ. According to one frequently heard scenario, the right and the left will knock each other off and a moderate will emerge as the winner—an Italian moderate. The trouble with that scenario is that two clearly defined blocs no longer exist. Paul made the Sacred College in his own image, and he shunned the extremes. The candidates form a mass of middle-roads with muted political coloration. There are no out-and-out progressives, but neither are there any papal possibilities in the mold of the fervently right-wing Ottaviani, who gave Pope John a run in 1958.

That does not mean surprises can be ruled out. John, upon his election, was considered a "safe" Pope. Cardinals of traditionalist leanings may have been suffering in silence, waiting for this chance to organize, while others may privately have been nursing radical dreams.

There remains a factor that the oddsmakers in the betting parlors of London and the Vaticanologists in the *trattorie* of Rome cannot predict. Only one outside influence will be able to sway the Cardinal electors once they are sealed into their election quarters. Just before they vote for the first time, the Cardinals will recite the *Veni Creator Spiritus*: "Come, Holy Spirit, and from heaven direct on man the rays of your light..." The touch of the divine, bringing tantalizing possibilities, may once again make foolish the wisdom of the world.



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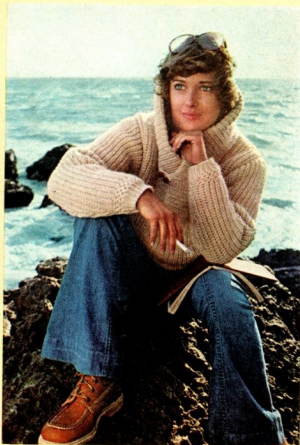
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"A Pope of Our Time Must Be..."

Professor Hans Küng, Catholic priest and theologian at the University of Tübingen, West Germany, has clashed with the Vatican over such teachings as papal infallibility and birth control. In the following statement, made available to TIME, ten theologians, including Küng, offer some answers to the question: What kind of Pope does today's church need?*

The world is divided, into hostile power blocs and political systems, estranged races and classes, various ideologies and religions. Christianity is divided also. The Catholic Church, being the largest and a worldwide church, could, if truly united, perform an important service in this divided world. It could assist in a very concrete way to diminish and remove the tensions and contradictions in Christianity and in the world, and to render possible a more human life.

The Pope has a decisive role in the Catholic Church. Because of our concern as Catholics for the church and its service to humanity, we would like to speak for all who are hoping for a good Pope, a Pope who would above all try to help overcome the conflicts and contradictions which have arisen in the post-conciliar church—a Pope of reconciliation! Only the best is good enough! A Pope of our time must be:

A Man Open to the World. He should know the world as it is, in its glory and in its misery; should accept what is good, wherever it is found.

He should—with all due respect for the past and for tradition—feel in a critical way at home in the present church and in the contemporary world, and should be open for the signs of the times and the changing attitudes of men.

He should accept critically the findings of contemporary science; he should abandon the outmoded curial style and should speak credibly in the language of people in this day and age.

He should radiate genuine humanity, personal limitations notwithstanding.

A Spiritual Leader. He should bring trust to his encounters with others in order that he himself be supported by trust.

He should have courage, being able to encourage others rather than merely scolding and admonishing.

He should not be authoritarian, but he should possess real authority in his office: What he needs is not only a formalistic, official and institutional, but also a personal, objective and charismatic authority.

He should be judicious and flexible in the manner of contemporary leadership, exercising his authority not by issuing decrees but by giving reasons; not by commanding but by inspiring; not by making lonely decisions in isolation but by wrestling for common consensus in open dialogue. In all he should be the guarantor of freedom in the church.

An Authentic Pastor. He is primarily Bishop of Rome. But as a universal pastor, he should be neither an administrator nor a general secretary, not a lawyer, diplomat or bureaucrat. He should be a pastor, a man in the service of men not institutions, a leader resolved not to rule but to serve.

Free of all personality cult, he should be open in kindness and simplicity to the needs of others.

Free from anxiety, he should be able to give positive guidance rather than prohibition in all the decisive questions affecting life and death, good and evil, in-

cluding those matters where human sexuality is involved.

He should not be a doctrinaire defender of ancient bastions, but rather—with all due respect for continuity in the church's life and teaching—he should be a pastoral pioneer of a renewed preaching and practice in the church.

A True Fellow Bishop. He should be confident enough of his own office to risk sharing his power with the other bishops, conducting himself not as a master over his servants but as a brother among his brethren.

He should accept the Synod of Bishops not simply as an advisory body but as a responsible, decision-making organ of the church, and he should extend concrete competence to the episcopal conferences and the diocesan councils.

He should give up the principle of centralism in the church, revise the system of nunciatures and renew the Curia not only externally and organizationally, but in the spirit of the Gospel, granting leadership positions to different nationalities and also to different mentalities, to the aged and to the young, to men and to women.

He should be familiar with recent developments in theology and should provide representation in the Roman Curia not only for traditionalist theology but also for other important streams in contemporary Catholic theology.

An Ecumenical Mediator. He should understand his Petrine Office as a primacy of service within Christianity, as an office to be renewed in the spirit of the Gospel and exercised with responsibility for Christian freedom.

He should promote dialogue and cooperation with the other Christian churches and should exercise his influence as a gathering, not a dispersing force for the unity of the church within plurality. He should give an example of Christian readiness to change, by removing the obstacles to church union on the part of Roman Catholicism and by promoting the cooperation of the Catholic Church with the World Council of Churches.

He should take seriously our spiritual relationship with the Jews, activate that which we share in common with Islam, and pursue the dialogue with the other religions.

A Genuine Christian. He need not be a saint or a genius. He can have his faults and his deficiencies, but whatever he be, he should be a Christian in the genuine sense of the term, namely a man who in thought, word and deed is guided by the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the decisive norm of his life.

He should be a convincing herald of the good tidings of Christ, firmly rooted in a strong faith and unshakable hope.

He should preside over the church in an attitude of calm, patience and confidence, ever aware that the church is not a bureaucratic organization, a business enterprise or a political party, but the encompassing community of believers.

He should exercise his moral authority with objectivity, with personal commitment, and with a realistic sense of proportion, taking as his goal not only the promotion of the interests of church institutions but also the broadest realization of the Christian message among all men. And in this connection he should see the engagement of his person and office for the repressed and underprivileged people of the world as his special duty and responsibility.

As Catholics, we call upon all the Cardinals to discuss the above criteria together in the conclave before naming the candidates and to base their decision on them in order to elect the best available candidate—whatever his nationality. They are deciding the future of the Catholic Church.



Theologian Hans Küng

*Giuseppe Albregio, Bologna; M.D. Chenu, Paris; Yves Congar, Paris; Claude Giffre, Paris; Andrew Greeley, Chicago; Norbert Greinacher, Tübingen; Jan Groenendaal, Louvain, Belgium; Gustavo Gutiérrez, Lima; Edward Schillebeeckx, Nijmegen, The Netherlands.

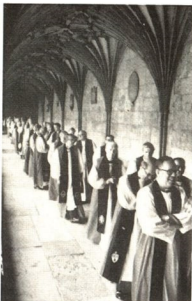
Religion

Unity at Canterbury

Anglican bishops approve ordination of women

The Anglican Church was once so upper-crusty English that an 18th century wag called it "the Tory Party at prayer." That was before the British Empire carried Anglicanism into the colonial hinterlands, where it sank indigenous roots and waxed while the Empire waned. Today Anglicanism has become a loose "communion" with 65 million adherents belonging to autonomous churches in 165 nations scattered from Canada to Zambia. To be sure, there are still many tea-sipping High Church bishops, but there are as well a few black ones with more than a passing interest in Marxism. And though the "mother" Church of England still claims 30 million adherents in the U.K., only in the Third World is the church actually growing.

Such heterogeneity can make for schism. But Anglicanism has also been described by a Lutheran theologian as "the most elastic church in all of Christendom." Last week the Anglicans acted true to form, weaving a middle way on the vexatious issue of whether women should be ordained as priests. Meeting at their once-



Lambeth Conference participants



Women priests and a male bishop stroll outside the cathedral

"A priest is a priest is a priest. The Sacrament is unchanged by the person celebrating it."

a-decade Lambeth Conference in Canterbury, England, bishops from all over the world voted 316 to 37, with 17 abstentions, to let each national church choose whether or not to ordain women priests, as long as dissenting voices are considered before any changes are made. On creating women bishops, Lambeth gave a yellow light: women can be raised to the episcopate only with overwhelming approval of the membership and after consultation with a newly created committee of Anglican archbishops. Said one observer: "The majority surprised everybody. Even Anglo-Catholics voted for it. They wanted to put up a solid front and demonstrate unity."

To many Lambeth conferees, the question was less whether women ought to be made priests than how to preserve unity within the church and ecumenism without. Some diehards held that female Apostles were absent from Scripture and that since priests who administer the Sacrament represent Christ, they should be, like him, male. Objected the Rev. Elizabeth Weisner of Washington, D.C., one of some 150 women who have already been ordained: "A priest is a priest is a priest. The Sacrament is unchanged by the person celebrating it." A bigger stumbling block was opposition from the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches, particularly since Anglicans like to consider themselves a kind of ecumenical bridge between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. The greatest obstacle, however, was the real threat of that rarity in Anglicanism—schism. After the Episcopal Church, the U.S. branch of Anglicanism, voted narrowly to ordain women priests two years ago, a conservative faction split off in protest and proclaimed itself the true Anglican Church of North America.

The ordination of women has gone more smoothly in Canada, New Zealand and Hong Kong than in the U.S. Even the Church of England has announced "no fundamental objections," and the Lambeth decision may help pro-women's ordination forces carry the day at the Church of England Synod this November. As for black African Anglicans, some associate women's equality with racial equality. Others, however, share the position taken by a Kenyan bishop: Women priests are fine for the West, but not for us.

The spirit of harmony at the Lambeth Conference—the eleventh since 1867—may have been helped by the decision to have the bishops live together in a conclave at the University of Kent as temporary celibates, rather than scatter to London hotels with their wives after the working day. Ironically, while the bishops were contemplating female equality, their wives were cooped up in a sort of enforced purdah in another college three miles away, not able even to telephone except in case of emergency. ■

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Energy

Reaching for Fuel-Saving Ideas

Who's taken the lead in conservation? Business people

The initials B.T.U. stand for British thermal unit, the basic measurement of heat in a given amount of energy. But to more and more business people, the letters are coming to mean something else—Better Tightly Up.

Much of the public continues to behave as if there were a constitutional mandate to expend energy; the nation will burn nearly 4% more oil this year than in 1977. But this trend is being countered in a notable way by some corporate consumers, who are discovering that saving fuel is just about the simplest way to cut costs and boost profits.

While conservation alone cannot solve the nation's energy problems, it is essential to any solution, and the experience of industry is dramatic evidence of just how much can be done. Ever since the 1973 oil embargo, companies have been not only determinedly turning off lights and turning down thermostats but also redesigning buildings, installing energy-saving devices on assembly lines and driving the conservation message home to employees. The economical use of power at the plant or office is bound to carry over to a heightened energy consciousness for workers at home. Last year, when the economy grew at a rate of nearly 5%, industrial use of energy increased only 1%.

The saving to business, which Department of Energy officials estimate to be nearly \$3 billion since 1974, is the result of a variety of conservation ideas. While some companies have been experimenting with various alternative sources of energy, most of the immediate gains have come from simple conservation steps or the application of proven available technology. Some of the measures taken have been as sophisticated as the elaborate computer system that Burlington Industries, the big textile firm, has installed to regulate the use of electricity in 20 of its 99 plants. Others are as uncomplicated as the discovery by General Motors that it could save \$1,576 a year in electricity bills merely by removing the fluorescent bulbs in its shop-floor vending machines. North Carolina's Sanford Brick and Tile Co. (350 employees) is taking advantage of the mountains of sawdust discarded

by nearby furniture factories: it is combining the sawdust with either natural gas or diesel fuel to cut the cost of firing its baking kilns.

In a number of companies, energy consciousness has practically become a corporate religion. Three examples:

AT&T. In the past five years Ma

heat as 100-watt light bulbs). Though there are 7% more phone-company cars and trucks (total: 177,000) on the road than in 1973, gasoline consumption has been cut by 3%, in large part simply by teaching employees to use economical driving skills.

Raytheon Co. Since 1973, the electronics company's business has grown 75%, to \$2.8 billion annually, but its use of fuel oil, natural gas and electricity has been cut by about 25%. Automatic shut-off timers have been installed on everything from coffee makers to light switch-

es in corridors. Any worker who wanders off leaving a piece of factory machinery running gets a large Day-Glo orange "energy conservation ticket" slapped on his equipment by company inspectors, who are constantly on the prowl for offenses.

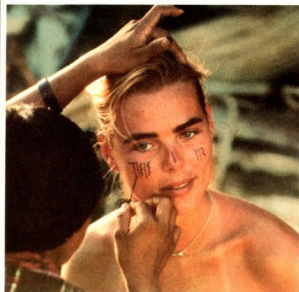
TRW Inc. Sales of the diversified Cleveland-based maker of auto components, electronic and electrical equipment have nearly doubled since 1972, to \$3.3 billion, but energy consumption has declined by 19%. Unnecessary machine runs have been eliminated; the number of ventilating fans cut by a quarter; and air conditioning is now reduced an hour before some plants close. Workers are rewarded financially for energy-saving ideas and division managers now have to make quarterly "energy use forecasts," just as they do for sales, profits and capital-spending projections. Says Vice President Pierce Angell: "Energy accounted for 4% of our company's production costs in 1972, but by 1985 it could be as high as 15%. That's a damned critical thing."

Industry's new energy stinginess is one of the few bright spots in the nation's struggle to adjust to a world of rising petroleum costs. Although oil imports were down 13% in the first half of 1978, that was only the temporary result of some special factors, including the start of the flow of Alaskan oil. Imports are expected to pick up rapidly during the rest of this year and reach new records in 1979, above last year's peak of 8.7 million bbl. a day. These projections have not been lost on the OPEC nations. Although they agreed to continue the cost of crude oil at its present \$13 per bbl. when they last met in June, there have been signals from OPEC oil ministers that they may meet again as early as next month to jack up the price about 5%. To the present \$42 billion cost of the U.S.'s annual oil imports, that would add \$2 billion.



Bell's business has grown by 44%, but its energy use has dropped 10%. Tiny electronic devices known as microprocessors, which are being installed to replace mechanical switching devices throughout the system, are proving to be considerable energy savers. To cut heating costs, the ceilings of office buildings are being fitted with special ducts that capture and then recycle the heat thrown off from electric typewriters, copying machines and even office workers (who radiate as much

People



Hemingway picks up some new makeup tricks in the jungle

Supermodel **Margaux Hemingway** can spot a good makeup job—even in the valley of the Amazon. "I'd rather be made up with this than with mascara and all," she joked about the berry paint used by the local Makiritare Indians. Margaux and her father **Jack Hemingway**, eldest son of **Ernest Hemingway**, spent 15 days in Venezuela to co-star in an upcoming ABC documentary about the people and wildlife in the jungle. "I was the first white woman in the Indian camp," she says. "They wanted to touch my breasts to prove I wasn't a man." They did—and sure enough, she wasn't.

"I know that I have destiny," says Preacher **Garner Ted Armstrong**. But does he have a following? "Disfellowshipped" from the Worldwide Church of God by his father, **Herbert Armstrong**, 86, Garner Ted, 48, has organized his own Church of God International. At his first sermon in Tyler, Texas, he was all Christian charity and humility to his 200 listeners: "I don't have a bad attitude toward my father any more at all. I realize that he's doing what he feels he has to do—spank his boy. And I want to take every punishment that I need to and God wants me to have."

Harvard hates America. That is the belief of **John LeBoutillier**, class of '76—and also the title of his book, which will be published in the fall. Harvard, according to LeBoutillier, harbors "a bunch of liberal hypocrites bent on destroying the very system which allows them to live so comfortably." The college, in his view, is turning out well-trained technocrats "woefully short on conscience." Little wonder that LeBoutillier's publisher, Gateway Editions Ltd., sent the book to **William Buckley Jr.**, 52, whose *God and Man at Yale*, written when he was 24, attacked the faculty biases of his day. Buck-

ley's reaction to *Harvard Hates America* was conservative and somewhat self-congratulatory: "The book is in a distinguished tradition."

■
Britannia may no longer rule the waves, but **Prince Charles** is giving it a go. The sea-loving Prince of Wales has scuba dived, handled a racing sloop and skipped a mine-sweeper. For his most recent aquatic adventure, Charles, 29, tried wind surfing off the chilly Isle of Wight. Barefooted, he tried to balance on a sailing surfboard but landed again and again in the drink. What upset the royal balance? Harrumphed a British surfing expert: "On a bad day even the Prince of England doesn't stand a chance in hell of staying up."

■
Acting Coach **Lee Strasberg** believes in practicing what he teaches. His last film appearance was in *The Cassandra Crossing*, and now Strasberg, 76, is co-starring with **Ruth Gordon**, 81, in *Boardwalk*. As an elderly Jewish man who runs a cafeteria in Brooklyn's Brighton Beach, he is tormented by rowdy youth gangs. "Typewise," says Strasberg, the part is wrong for him. "I'm essentially intellectual, sensitive or scientifically oriented, or whatever you call it," he reflects. Among his dream roles: **Kissinger**, **Einstein** and **Freud**.



Strasberg and Gordon have pillow talk on the set of *Boardwalk*



Prince Charles tests his sea legs

On the Record

Sir Ralph Richardson, British actor, on being in a hit play: "You've got to perform the role hundreds of times. In keeping it fresh one can become a large, madly humming, demented refrigerator. You go mad."

Captain James Lovell Jr., president of a telecommunications company, on his days as an astronaut: "I didn't have to worry about the profit motive on Gemini or Apollo."

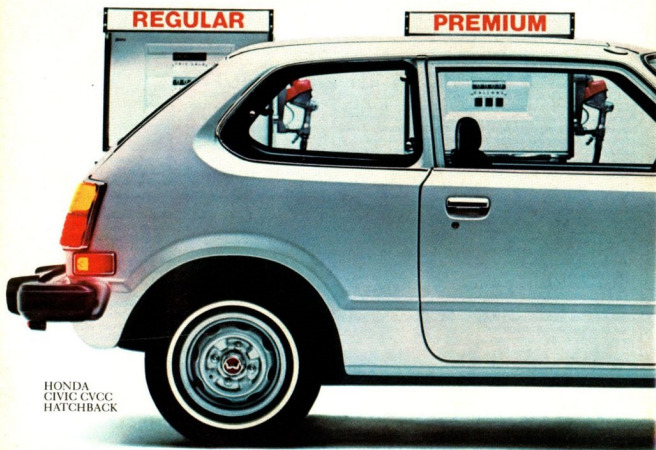
Dick Gregory, comedian, after Providence Mayor Vincent Cianci picked up Gregory's handkerchief: "That's the closest you white folk have ever come to picking cotton."

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Theater

Eva Perón, Superstar

EVITA Lyrics by Tim Rice; Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Some of the best drama in London this season can be found outside the West End's Prince Edward Theater. Just before curtain time each night, a mini-mob scene unfolds. Bejeweled women—British, American and Arab—pile out of Silver Shadow limos with Savile Row-suited escorts in tow. Sleazy-looking scalpers with cockney accents auction off their wares to desperate millionaires. Sad-faced teen-agers stare dolefully at the crowd, hoping that they might somehow crash the Prince Edward's lobby. No such luck. Only ticket holders are allowed past the theater's tuxedoed doormen, and the show is sold out until late fall.

The cause of all this commotion is *Evita*, a pop opera that opened to rave reviews in late June. A hotter West End commodity than either *A Chorus Line* or *Annie*, this song-and-dance account of Argentine First Lady Eva Perón (1919-52) may be the biggest London smash since *Jesus Christ Superstar* opened there six years ago. Like *Superstar*, which will soon pass *Oliver!* to become England's alltime longest-running musical, *Evita* is the creation of Composer Andrew Lloyd Webber and Lyricist Tim Rice. Both shows also share a producer, Robert Stigwood, who is best known to American audiences as a force behind the movies *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*.

These are very lucky men, for *Evita*'s London success far outstrips the show's merits. Though extravagantly staged by American Director Harold Prince, whom Stigwood imported for the occasion, *Evita* is a cold and uninviting show that does little to expand the traditional musical comedy format or our understanding of a bizarre historical figure. *Evita* is often spectacular in its pretensions, but it is not even the best musical to touch on the subject of political repression. That honor belongs to two of Prince's Broadway productions—*Fiddler on the Roof* and *Cabaret*.

Many of *Evita*'s failings are a function of Rice's libretto, which never aspires to much more than a comic-book version of history. The author dutifully chronicles *Evita*'s impoverished youth, her Buenos Aires radio career and her rise to power once married to Colonel Juan Perón (Joss Ackland). But Rice's point of view on his heroine is pure show biz; he's so agog he might as well be describing the career of Judy Garland. By the time *Evita* dies of cancer at age 33, we know she's a "legend," but we have no idea of how to judge her: to Rice, fascism seems to be more a cultural style than a political ideology. Elaine Paige, 30, the heretofore unknown actress who plays *Evita*, does little to help.

Her clarion, belting voice has made her a star overnight in London, but she is a strident actress who fails to convey *Evita*'s erotic magnetism.

Almost as offensive as the show's characterization of *Evita* is its use of Che Guevara (David Essex) as narrator. Though Argentine-born, Guevara had no prominent involvement in the history of his country during the Perón era and did not know *Evita*. Why Rice has included him is a mystery, since the writer seems to know little about him. In *Evita*, Che is a bland, almost apolitical character who,

Despite its synthetic Latinisms, flip dissonance and references to Lennon-McCartney songs, Webber's music is evocative and often catchy. Prince's staging is more problematical. Using a large company and rear-projected newsreel footage, the director has created some undeniably powerful tableaux: *Evita*'s political rallies, her death and funeral have a dark and chilling majesty. But Prince is capable of sinking to Rice's simplistic level: Argentina's aristocratic class is symbolized by a phalanx of chorus people who seem to have stepped out of the *Ascot Gaiety* number of *My Fair Lady*. The director also cannibalizes his own previous work. *Evita*'s portentous first-act finale (*A New Argentina*) is a dead ringer for that of *Cabaret* (*Tomorrow Belongs to Me*). The show's neo-Brechtian lighting scheme



Elaine Paige as Eva Perón with her Argentine followers in the London musical *Evita*. Spectacular pretensions, old newsreels and a comic-book version of history.

his guerrilla garb aside, might just as aptly be called the Stage Manager or, for that matter, Nick Carraway.

If Rice were a dazzling writer, such silliness might be tolerable, but his lyrics rarely rise above the cute. ("The people... need to adore me! So Christian Dior me," sings *Evita* to her courtiers.) The show's structure is clumsy. In addition to the narration and flashbacks within flashbacks, Rice introduces an irrelevant character just to plug his best song (*Another Suitcase in Another Hall*). That sort of contrivance hasn't been seen in a musical since Carol Haney sang *Hernando's Hideaway* in *The Pajama Game*.

and montage finale also recall that 1966 production.

Stigwood plans to bring *Evita* to Broadway next year, where its London reception is not likely to be repeated. New Yorkers, who only this season have seen Prince's *On the Twentieth Century*, may not go quite so gaga over the lavish stagecraft of *Evita*. The Webber-Rice score, an immediate hit in England when released as a double album in 1976, has failed to catch on in the States. Still, all is not necessarily lost. If Stigwood can only find a way to package the show that is playing outside the Prince Edward Theater instead of the one onstage, he might yet have a hit here.

—Frank Rich

Milestones

MARRIED. Anna Karina, 38, ex-wife and protégée of France's New Wave film director Jean-Luc Godard, and Daniel Duval, 34, also a film director; she for the third time, he for the first; in La Garde-Freinet, France.

DIED. Jean Juge, 70, Switzerland's best-known mountaineer, and former president of the International Alpine Association; of exposure; on the Matterhorn, Switzerland. Though he had scaled the treacherous north face of the Eiger, Juge's greatest ambition was to conquer the summit of the Matterhorn. With two young climbers he reached the top, then began the 14,688-ft. descent in slippery conditions after the country's worst rain and snow in 25 years. Too tired to continue, Juge stayed on the mountain while his companions went for help. When a helicopter came to his rescue, he was already dead.

DIED. Victor Hasselblad, 72, Swedish inventor of the Hasselblad camera; of cancer; in Gothenburg, Sweden. Born into a family of devoted amateur photography addicts, Hasselblad dreamed of developing his own camera and got a chance to do so for the Swedish air force in World War II. Then in 1948 he introduced the world's first 2 1/4-in. by 2 1/4-in. single-lens reflex camera with interchangeable lenses and

magazines. It quickly became a favorite of professional photographers, earning a reputation as the Rolls-Royce of its field, and later was adopted by NASA for all its manned spaceflights. Michael Collins let go of his on his space walk, so a Hasselblad is still circling the earth as Sweden's only satellite.

DIED. Lo Jui-ching, 72, China's ex-Minister of Public Security under Mao Tse-tung throughout the 1950s, and later army chief of staff, who weathered political disgrace in the Cultural Revolution of the 1960s to make a remarkable comeback; of heart disease; in Peking. Lo was an early victim of the militaristic Red Guards, who led him to attempt a suicide jump from a besieged building. His literal fall from power broke only a leg but sidelined him until 1975, when he reappeared first with a minor military post, then on the Communist Party's Central Committee.

DIED. Edward Durrell Stone, 76, world-famous architect whose 1954 design for the U.S. embassy in New Delhi epitomized the highly embellished style of his later years; after a brief illness, in New York. Touring Europe in 1927, Stone had his first look at the stark glass and aluminum "international style" that he would use in his 1937 design for Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. But years later,

after his El Panama Hotel in Panama City was built in 1949, Stone denounced his austere designs as resembling "the latest model automobile, doomed to early obsolescence." Aiming at what he called the "assurance of permanence," he turned to more solid structures of concrete, brick and stone. For two decades, Stone produced variations of the New Delhi embassy, with its boxlike shape, gold-leaf columns, lacy concrete grille, fountains and reflecting pool. These works were frequently criticized as superficial and "bargain Taj Mahal," but Stone remained busy with important commissions. His General Motors building in Manhattan was completed in 1968 and Washington's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in 1972.

DIED. Jesse Haines, 85, Hall of Fame pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals; in Dayton, Ohio. In 1920, after other major-league teams shunned him, Haines was signed up for the then considerable sum of \$10,000 by Branch Rickey, manager of the Cardinals. Haines relied on his knuckleball to compile a 210-158 lifetime won-loss record with a 3.64 earned run average. A quiet player who tended a commercial garage off-season, he pitched until he was 44, earning the fond nickname "Pop" from his teammates, the "Gashouse Gang."

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Books

Schools for Scandal and Virtue

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE by Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy; Viking; 480 pages; \$17.95

Those who know that English public schools are in fact private may go to the head of the class. You are clearly ready for a longer lesson in paradox. Open your copies of *The Old School Tie* and begin studying a system of education that has been bullying and beloved, tyrannical and anarchic, rigorous and howlingly inept. Memorize the ways in which a relatively insignificant number of masters and students created an ethos that spread, via the British Empire, worldwide. Questions will be asked later, and laggards can expect a caning.

Social Historian Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy is interested in how his countrymen got to be the way they are, i.e., typically British. His previous look at this process, *The Unnatural History of the English Nanny*, uncovered early influences on the children of the upper and middle classes. What happened to the boys when they left home is a more complicated subject, because the schools to which they were exiled at around age eight have a history dating back some 14 centuries. That is a daunting span for any single book to cover, but the author attacks it with zest.

The story he spins out is not a tribute to the human imagination. The germinal public schools were founded in the Dark Ages, and then stayed rooted there well into this century. Originally extensions of churches and monasteries, set up to train some boys as choristers and others as clergy, the schools were anachronistic by the 16th century. Their curriculum consisted of little but the classics, drilled by rote into chilled, hungry, stupefied boys.



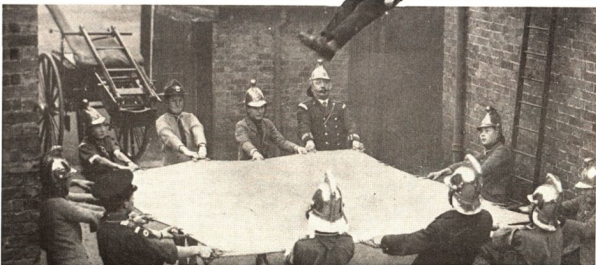
Engraving of a thrashing, by Du Maurier
Tyrannical, anarchic, rigorous and inept.

Behavior inside these prisons was scandalous and unchecked. In the 1540s, while headmaster of Eton, Nicholas Udall was convicted of sodomy. He was later released from prison—and made headmaster of Westminster. Discipline was ferocious and sometimes fatal. An 18th century legal tract noted: "Where a schoolmaster, in correcting his scholar, happens to occasion his death, if in such correction he is so barbarous as to exceed all bounds of moderation, he is at least guilty of manslaughter." Dr. John Keate, a notorious Eton headmaster from 1809 to 1834, once publicly flogged 100 students in a single afternoon.

Gathorne-Hardy de-

Excerpt

“ If the major role of a school is to teach games (and to create ‘character’ through games) the academic goals, indeed all intellectual and artistic values of any sort, are likely to suffer. And that meant that anyone who wanted to pursue intellectual activities or was any good at them would suffer too. There were forces working towards this in the public schools in any case. The classics were so boring, their mastery so much a special skill, that most people were instinctively irritated at anyone good at them. It was unfair. Again, those who spend a lot of time working have, inevitably, to cut themselves off from the community—thus appearing to express a dislike of the community. The community resents this (unless, which was emphatically not the case at this time, a tenet of the community is to respect the individual more than itself). Time spent on games, on the other hand, is by its nature communal. And although success in other fields is for the fame of the community, games success is more obvious, more dramatic and more frequent. Lastly, the public schools took a fairly high proportion of stupid boys ... It was simply a sizeable slice of their market. But it was another reason for the rise of games and another force toward the despising of intellectual and academic achievement.”



During an Eton fire drill, circa 1935, a young student leaps into a blanket held by schoolmates

What led him to lay, / His whole heart bare, / When nothing compelled him to? / Looking away, / With a vacant stare, / He dragged ...

Books

Brave Old World

MONTAILLOU: THE PROMISED LAND OF ERROR

by Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie;
translated by Barbara Bray;
Braziller; 383 pages; \$20

votes most of his book to the past 150 years, the period of the public schools' greatest influence and eventual decline. Masters like Dr. Thomas Arnold injected Victorian moral earnestness into the system. Schools became molders of character and soul. Students who had been forced to memorize the *Aeneid* still graduated unable to write their native tongue, but the harrowing, evangelical zeal drummed into them for years helped them become high-minded gentlemen, trained to follow their superiors and lead the lower classes. Rabid athleticism flourished. So did sex.

"British upper-class males," one source told Gathorne-Hardy, "were homosexual in everything but their sex lives." If true, small wonder. Adolescent boys cut off from all outside contacts and jumbled together night and day will become unusually aware of each other. Clandestine activities leave few traces. Reviewing what facts there are, the author guesses that the percentage of public school boys who actually engaged in homosexual acts was no greater than in the young male population at large. But many scholars fell into Platonic love affairs with each other that haunted them all their lives. A pattern of boy worship emerged in the schools and filtered into the British society at large. The popular poetry of the Rev. E.E. Bradford is crammed with hilariously unconscious sexuality:

*What led him to lay
His whole heart bare,
When nothing compelled him to?
Looking away
With a vacant stare,
He dragged all out to view!*

The current prevailing view of the public schools derives from writers like Cyril Connolly, Evelyn Waugh and George Orwell, who were as unhappy there as budding authors typically are anywhere. *The Old School Tie* is a useful corrective. While glossing over none of the system's barbarities and stupidities, Gathorne-Hardy points out its virtues as well. True, the rigid conformity imposed on young boys did not encourage incentive or initiative. Peter Ustinov's master at Westminster wrote of him in 1939: "He shows great originality, which must be curbed at all costs."

But Ustinov, not to mention generations of statesmen, artists and thinkers, somehow emerged with originality unchecked. There is scarcely a field of public endeavor in the English-speaking world that does not bear traces of the public school imprint. Fighting oppressions as youths may have strengthened the graduates for the larger trials provided by life. Above all, the schools seem to have given their charges a sense of belonging together, a memory of childhood that they shared with their peers and never forgot.

— Paul Gray

The plot is absurd. A parish priest says Mass, hears confessions, baptizes, performs weddings. Yet his sympathies lie with a bold underground of heretics, Cathars who see the world as the realm of Satan and the church as a device of hell. The cleric actively supports these zealots who will neither touch women nor eat meat, men who preach heresy to his parishioners. At the same time he uses his powers of flattery and persuasion to se-



Ruins of the foreboding 14th century Château of Montailou

Heretics, conversions and a priest who might have made Boccaccio blush.

duce most of the nearby females, including a local noblewoman, the chateleine, and his 14-year-old cousin. When the Inquisition comes to town, he turns double agent, denouncing his fellow heretics to the investigating bishop.

But this is no novel. The village is real, a town called Montailou, clinging to a mountainside in the Pyrenees in what is now southern France. The time is the beginning of the 14th century. The priest is Pierre Clergue, a clergyman who might have made Boccaccio blush. In French Historian Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie's how the villagers thought, ate, hated and loved—and even what they said to one another in public and in private. Such rare detail has made this lively volume a surprise bestseller in Europe.

That we know any of Montailou's indiscretions is the work of a tireless Inquisitor: Jacques Fournier, bishop of Pam-

iers. A learned, tough-minded Cistercian monk, Bishop Fournier took charge of the local Inquisition. Montailou's heretics—spiritual heirs of the Albigensians who had been so bloodily crushed the century before—became his target. In the process he left a thick record of testimony from the accused and witnesses.

Montailou had once seemed an ordinary mountain town, each family clustered around a house that gave it not only shelter but identity. There was little class distinction and considerable sharing of resources. The villagers were united in fierce anticlericalism, and with reason. The regional ruler, the Count de Foix, had defended his fief from exorbitant church taxes. But when the aristocrat died, the bishops of Pamiers imposed ever more onerous tithes. The new church exactions doubtless influenced many villagers to

consider the teachings of the Cathar *parfaits* (perfect ones, the heresy's elect).

The itinerant *parfaits* preached stirring sermons (there was hardly a book in town, and only four of its more than 200 people could read). Conversions came quickly. Unlike the *parfaits*, ordinary believers did not need to abstain from mutton and love; they had only to receive a deathbed absolution. At that point, they were expected to embark on the *endura*, a suicidal fast that sped them to heaven. A fellow traveler like Parish Priest Pierre Clergue could turn the Cathar teachings upside down: "Since everything is forbidden, everything is allowed." Clergue was rare in his rapacity, but not in taking concubines. Observes Le Roy Ladurie: "At an altitude of 1,300 meters, the rules of priestly celibacy ceased to apply."

Montailou is rich in flawed humanity. Little Grazie Lizier, the 14-year-old who happily yielded to her cousin the priest,

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LOU-12 Korean Cicada pin. Gold*. City Art Museum, St. Louis. \$8.50.

NH-56 Pre-Columbian double figure necklace. Gold*. American Museum of Natural History, New York. \$25.00.

art treasures of four continents



PH-15



ST-60



NH-78P



PO-3



PH-10P



PH-11P



AIC-18



MFA-101

*gold electroplated **silver electroplated

DO-9 Byzantine cross on chain. Gold* with green center. Dumbarton Oaks Collection. \$10.00.

XH-100 Aztec calendar, pendant on chain. Specify gold* or silver**. Museum of Anthropology, Mexico City. \$12.50.

ST-53 Parthian loop necklace from a 3rd Cen. Asian fragment. Gold*. Private Collection. \$17.50. **ST-53E** Matching earrings, \$7.50.

DY-1P Pre-Columbian frog pin. Gold*. de Young Museum, San Francisco. \$7.00.

ST-60 Coptic cross on chain. Gold*. Ethiopia. Private Collection. \$10.00.

NH-78P African Akua'Ba fertility doll pin. Gold*. American Museum of Natural History, New York. \$10.00. **NH-78N** Pendant on chain, \$12.50.

PO-3 Coptic cross on chain. Silver** with blue center. Portland Art Museum. \$15.00.

PH-10P Renaissance key pin with crown. Gold*. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$8.50.

PH-11P Renaissance key pin with sphinxes. Gold*. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$8.50.

AIC-18 Japanese sword guard with figures, pendant on chain. Gold*. Art Institute of Chicago. \$12.50.

MFA-101 Egyptian Isis pectoral necklace on chain. Gold*. Boston Museum of Fine Arts. \$20.00.

RIGHT PAGE—FROM TOP

PH-15 Ashanti fish pendant on chain. Gold*. West Africa. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$12.50.

Books

testifies: "In those days it pleased me, and it pleased the priest ... and so I did not think I was sinning, and neither did he. But now, with him, it does not please me any more. And so now, if he knew me carnally, I should think it a sin."

Until the Inquisition's crackdown, the villagers were more confused than threatened by theological conflict. Some chose to "fish from both banks," as one witness put it. Pierre Maury, a goodhearted shepherd who followed the seasons across the Pyrenees into Catalonia and back again, explained, "I want to use what I earn from my work to do good to both sides. Because really I do not know which of the two beliefs is the more valid. Although, in fact, I support rather the faith of the heretics. But that is simply because my communications and relations with the heretics are greater than with the others."

Eventually, a growing power struggle between the Cathar Clergue family and a prominent Catholic family blew the whole affair into the tribunals of the Inquisition. Father Pierre and his brother Bernard, the corrupt bailiff of the town, were sentenced to prison, there to die soon after. One Cathar—a not-so-perfect *parfait* given to shady business dealings and fornication—was burned at the stake. Béatrice de Planissoles, the chateleine, was released along with her latest swain, another priest—but Béatrice was sentenced to wear the yellow cross of repentant heretics. As for the zealous bishop, he went on to become the zealous Pope Benedict XII. Harsh and unbending still, he at last corrected some of the ecclesiastical abuses that had first disturbed the flock long ago at the forgotten little town of Montaillo.

—Maya Mohs

More Loneliness

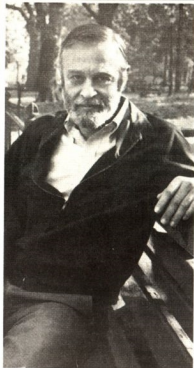
A GOOD SCHOOL.

by Richard Yates

Delacorte; 192 pages; \$8.95

Richard Yates is a good but doleful writer who once titled a short-story collection *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness*. The stories were first-rate, but the title showed a kind of perverse bravado: You think you're miserable? Listen, I know more kinds of loneliness ... Well, he did and he does, and he adds a couple to the list in this impeccably written but rather dispirited novel of life at a mediocre Connecticut boys' school.

The time is 1943, and the knowledge that each senior class at Dorset Academy will be graduated to war unsettles schoolboy life, an uncertain state made even less secure because the school is in financial trouble. The most perceptive masters feel a sense of unreality about the place: Is this a real school, and are we really educating boys? Or is it all a halfhearted pretense? There is a certain stagnation to the place; the grounds and buildings, donated by a rich and eccentric old lady,



Richard Yates

A kind of perverse bravado.

are too grand for the modest faculty and student body. In addition the donor has imposed some peculiar conditions—evening dress must be worn at supper, for instance—that have never matured to become traditions. Boys and masters repeatedly assure one another that Dorset really is a good school.

There is material here for comedy, but laughing at the wretchedness of boarding schools is, as Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy indicates, an English literary tradition. Good writing by Americans about prep schools—*The Rector of Justin* by Louis Auchincloss and *A Separate Peace* by John Knowles—is very serious indeed, perhaps because Americans are less comfortable with the idea of a separate, elitist education for the upper middle class. It is this sober-faced genre that Yates follows, at a distance. The tone of his novel is that of a man looking back wearily from middle age and thinking, "Ah well, it can't have been so very bad. We all survived, didn't we?"

What Yates provides is a very cautious and narrowly limited range of realism, but within that range he is expert. He describes the anguish of a lumpy, unathletic student who later redeems himself by becoming editor of the school paper, after he has been stripped and abused sexually by a gang of healthy fools: "Grove was set free and ran to his room, and for hours after that, alone in the darkness, he lay wondering how he was going to live the rest of his life." This is acute

and poignant; so is the author's evocation of the gulf between the sexes, in a scene where the philandering French instructor realizes that he has grown tired of his mistress: "Did women realize how vulnerable, how pitiable that most prized and secret part of them could make them look, at moments like this? Probably so; they probably realized everything."

The reader senses an insufficiency, however. Staring unflinchingly at bad nerves and loneliness is admirable, but fearing to look at any other sort of human condition is not, and the cautiousness of Yates' writing comes very close to fear.

—John Skow

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Final Payments, *Mary Gordon* • Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories, *Gabriel Garcia Márquez* • Shosha, *Isaac Bashevis Singer* • The Execution of Mayor Yin, *Chen Jo-hsi* • The Left-Handed Woman, *Peter Handke* • The World According to Garp, *John Irving*

NONFICTION: A Place for Noah, *Josh Greenfield* • Evita: First Lady, *John Barnes* • Ezra Pound in Italy, edited by *Gianfranco Ivanich*, photographs by *Vittorio Contino* • First Person Rural, *Noel Perrin* • People of the Lake, *Rhoad E. Leakey and Roger Lewin* • The Gulag Archipelago III, *Alexander Solzhenitsyn* • The Snow Leopard, *Peter Matthiessen*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Chesapeake, *Michener* (1 last week)
2. Scruples, *Krantz* (2)
3. Bloodline, *Sheldon* (4)
4. Stained Glass, *Buckley* (9)
5. The Holcroft Covenant, *Ludlum* (3)
6. Eye of the Needle, *Follett* (6)
7. The World According to Garp, *Irving* (8)
8. Evergreen, *Plain* (5)
9. The Last Convertible, *Myrner* (7)
10. The Women's Room, *French* (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (2)
2. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombac* (1)
3. Pulling Your Own Strings, *Dyer* (4)
4. My Mother/My Self, *Frideris* (3)
5. A Time for Truth, *Simon* (5)
6. Metropolis Life, *Lebowitz* (6)
7. Gnomes, *Huygen* & *Poorvitz* (9)
8. The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need, *Tobias*
9. Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty Program, *Arpel with Ebenstein* (7)
10. In Search of History, *White*

Law

TV Wins a Crucial Case

\$11 million suit blaming NBC for a crime is dismissed

Marvin E. Lewis, 71, is a flamboyant trial lawyer famous in San Francisco courts for winning highly unusual personal injury cases. He once persuaded a jury to award \$50,000 to a woman who claimed that the trauma of a cable-car crash had turned her into a nymphomaniac. But never did Lewis come up with a more novel argument—or one with more profound implications—than in the case of Olivia Niemi.

In 1974, when Olivia was nine, she was raped by three girls and a boy with a beer bottle on a San Francisco beach. Just

suit, NBC should have foreseen that its movie might inspire violent crime, he maintained; therefore the network, like a homeowner who leaves a banana peel lying on his front stoop where someone could slip on it, should pay damages to the victim. Constitutional Lawyer Abrams, on the other hand, argued that his clients should be held liable only if the network actually intended to cause attacks like the one on Niemi.

Though speech that intentionally incites violence is not protected by the First Amendment, allowed Abrams, drama or

Any other result would have set a dangerous precedent for broadcasters who report on violence or writers who portray it in fiction. Yet NBC has been justly criticized for airing *Born Innocent* at 8 p.m., when many impressionable youngsters can be expected to tune in. Editorialized the Washington Post, "One still feels a sense of dissatisfaction here, as the true justice of Miss Niemi's case seems to hang somewhere between her suffering and the rightness and necessity of the First Amendment." The courts may not be the proper place to resolve it, but the controversy over violence on TV simmers on. ■

Selling Suits

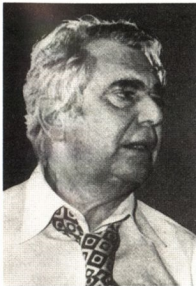
Lawyers can advertise on TV

An earnest-looking man in a conservative suit comes on the television screen. No, he is not the fellow from H & R Block offering you another way to save tax dollars or even a used-car salesman trying to appear sincere. He is a lawyer, offering you a good price for a divorce, a will or a suit of almost any kind.

The idea of peddling legal services over the tube between deodorant and beer ads is enough to make many lawyers wince. Advertising was banned by bar associations as "unprofessional" until last year, when the Supreme Court struck down that prohibition as unconstitutional. The American Bar Association immediately went along as far as newspaper, magazine and radio ads were concerned but held off on TV. Last week, as some 10,000 lawyers met in New York City for the association's annual convention, that obstacle fell away too. By a vote of 141 to 69, the A.B.A.'s House of Delegates agreed to approve TV advertising, as long as it is "presented in a dignified manner." The decision will probably prod the 43 state bar associations that do not already allow TV advertising to do likewise.

The debate at the A.B.A. Convention, however, was heated. Quoting from Thomas Jefferson's diary reference to "soliciting pettifoggers," Joe Stampler of Antlers, Okla., urged his fellow lawyers not to "equate legal services with soap and breakfast foods." But Roger Bronsahan, chairman of the A.B.A.'s Commission on Advertising, argued that "television advertising is not abused where it is permitted. The purpose of legal advertising is not to enhance the incomes of lawyers but to inform the public."

Well, it probably will wind up doing both. Long accustomed to serving the small percentage of the population that can afford high legal fees, the profession—glutted with new lawyers—is slowly entering an age of providing mass legal services and charging less for them. Advertising on TV and elsewhere will no doubt speed up that process. ■



Marvin E. Lewis, the plaintiff's advocate



Floyd Abrams, NBC's defender

A sword to kill minds, or a shield protecting Shakespeare and the evening news?

four days earlier, NBC-TV had aired a movie called *Born Innocent*, which depicted four female inmates of a detention home raping a teen-age girl with a "plumber's helper." Arguing that NBC should be held responsible for causing Olivia's rape, Lewis slapped the network and its San Francisco affiliate, KRON-TV, with an \$11 million suit on Olivia's behalf.

For the defense, enter a famous lawyer of a different sort: Floyd Abrams, 42, a precise Yale law graduate well known for his frequent appearances before the U.S. Supreme Court in First Amendment cases. Holding television liable for inspiring violent crimes, argued Abrams, would make showing Shakespeare and the evening news risky.

Personal Injury Lawyer Lewis sought to try the case by the same negligence standard used in an ordinary whiplash

news reports that merely portray violence are covered. Lewis argued vehemently against this First Amendment defense. If intentional "incitement" were accepted as the test for finding NBC and KRON-TV guilty, he told Judge Robert Dossee, "I'll pack up my briefcase and go home. I'd have to be idiotic to bring such a case." Siding with NBC, Dossee proceeded to send Lewis packing; since Lewis admitted that he could not prove incitement, the case was dismissed. Said Lewis, who is planning an appeal on the ground that Dossee erred by defining the terms of the trial so narrowly: "We will be using the First Amendment as a sword to kill off the minds of our youngsters. Our noses are rubbed in the sewer under the name of the First Amendment." Proclaimed Abrams: "A marvelous vindication of First Amendment principles."

Sport

Stalking the Broadbill

Off Miami, the bold pursue giant swordfish by night

Summertime, and the fishing is easy. Unless the quarry is the broadbill swordfish, one of the strongest, most aggressive and highly prized trophies in the sea. New discoveries about the swordfish's feeding and fighting habits have resulted in record catches in the Gulf Stream, off the Florida coast. TIME Miami Bureau Chief Richard Woodbury joined a group of swordfishermen in pursuit of the broadbill. His report:

Precisely at 7 o'clock on a muggy, mosquito-filled evening, we pushed off from a south Miami marina and sped east into the open Atlantic, heading for the deepest reaches of the Gulf Stream. Our skipper was Pete Peacock, 41, a contractor by trade but a fisherman by avocation, one of the best in the Miami area. If anyone could find the big broadbill, it was Peacock. Two other fishing boats tagged along in convoy as we tore out of the Cape Florida Channel at 30 m.p.h. The CB radio crackled with reports of battles near by: a 300-pounder landed off Fort Lauderdale... a three-hour fight in progress with a gargantuan swordfish off Key Largo.

After nearly an hour, Peacock cut the twin Mercuries. "This is the spot!" he called. We floated noiselessly on a dusky patch of sea. The jagged line on the Fathometer confirmed that we were in the swordfish's favorite haunt, a 1,100-ft.-deep stretch of the bathtub-warm Gulf Stream. Broadbills normally stay hundreds of feet down—one reason they are so hard to catch—but in the early '70s, Cuban refugee fishermen discovered that these fish rose from the depths at night, apparently to feed on squid that in turn were feeding on microscopic plankton drifting in the cooling sea. In the past two years some 400 swordfish have been landed off lower Florida, including several world-record broadbills weighing more than 600 lbs. Top fishermen from around the country now fly down to Miami to try their luck and the new techniques.

The swordfish remains a tough fish to catch. The broadbill has a surprisingly soft mouth, for all his size, which makes setting a hook firmly as much a matter of luck as skill. Many a fisherman has struggled for hours with a swordfish, only to have its tender mouth give way and the line come in empty. Still, when

conditions are right—a full moon and a fast, nimble boat—swordfishing can pay off. Unlike his billfish cousins, the marlin and sailfish, the swordfish is edible, and a sale at dockside can more than compensate for the expense of a night's sportfishing.

As night closed in, we set out our lines, staggered at depths ranging from 50 ft. to 250 ft. On the leaders near the squid used for bait we attached Cyalumes, plastic

fish stories. In that genre of hyperbole and pride, swordfish stories are unique: most of them are true. The broadbill is an aggressive fish, to put it mildly. Swordfish have punched holes in boats, *Jaws*-style, and have even been known to charge in packs when one of them was hooked. As half a dozen fish bore down for the second time on one Miami angler, he called it quits, cut his line and sped away. Another fisherman lost his broadbill when, after a three-hour battle, it turned and rammed the boat three times. A less fortunate angler broke his ankle in a struggle with a swordfish that charged his boat 14 times.

At 1 a.m., we settled down for a snack

of ham sandwiches. Suddenly the No. 2 starboard rod bent crazily in its stanchion, and the whine of racing line pierced the stillness. Strike! "He's here! He's with us!" Peacock screamed. Donn Mann, 48, an experienced sport fisherman, ran to the fighting chair, strapping his canvas harness to the fiber-glass rod. Some swordfish like to tease the bait. Not this one. He had hit with the wallop of a freight train. Mann released the ratchet on the reel to let the fish run. Then, without warning, the line slackened. The broadbill was streaking to the surface. He rose out of the water and fell back with a splash we could hear but not see. The glow of the Cyalume marked him 100 yds. to starboard. We could detect only the eerie green light, which now began tearing across the inky water and around our stern. The swordfish was encircling the boat with line. Mann cranked furiously on the reel, trying to take up slack while Peacock revved the engines, and the boat leaped forward.



Skipper Peacock braces for fight as mate stands by with gaff
Smashed hulls, broken bones and the wallop of a freight train.

cylinders containing a glowing green chemical. The deep-dwelling swordfish has evolved eyes as big as silver dollars, and the Cyalume lights up the squid to attract the foraging broadbill.

We hooked the lines to towering outriggers and began a slow drift that would take us 30 miles north before dawn. The once deserted sea suddenly seemed like a freeway at rush hour. Huge tankers glided out of the night, quiet as cats. Flickering orange lights marked the miles-long strands of line set by commercial fishermen. A minicity blossomed around us—the lights of other fishing boats, and perhaps a marijuana smuggler or two.

The night lengthened, and still we waited for the big strike. It was time for

In a flash, the fish reversed directions. To our amazement, he was coming straight at our stern. Now he was faintly visible in our lights—400 lbs. of fury, rapier bill pointed dead at us, slapping the water to a froth. Peacock and I crouched at the gunwale with gaffs, ready to do battle.

Then, 50 yds. out, the drama ended as quickly as it had begun. With a magnificent snap of his head, the fish flung the 3-in. hook out of his mouth. And then, with an ecstatic dive, he plummeted free into the deep. We were beaten, but there were no regrets on board. The one that got away had put up a furious fight. The memory would last. There would be other nights to float on the black and silent sea and wait for the electrifying moment when a broadbill would nose up from the depths, ready to duel with anyone who waited to challenge him.

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Important News For 100's Smokers:



Smokers rate taste of low tar MERIT 100's equal to—or better than—leading high tar 100's.

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Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT 100's smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT 100's smokers not considering other brands.

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